



No.104

Ten Cents

JAN.
1947



ACTION COMICS

SUPERMAN
VS. PRANKSTER
in
"CANDYTOWN,
U.S.A."



"Here's my favorite!"



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Kodak Vigilant Junior
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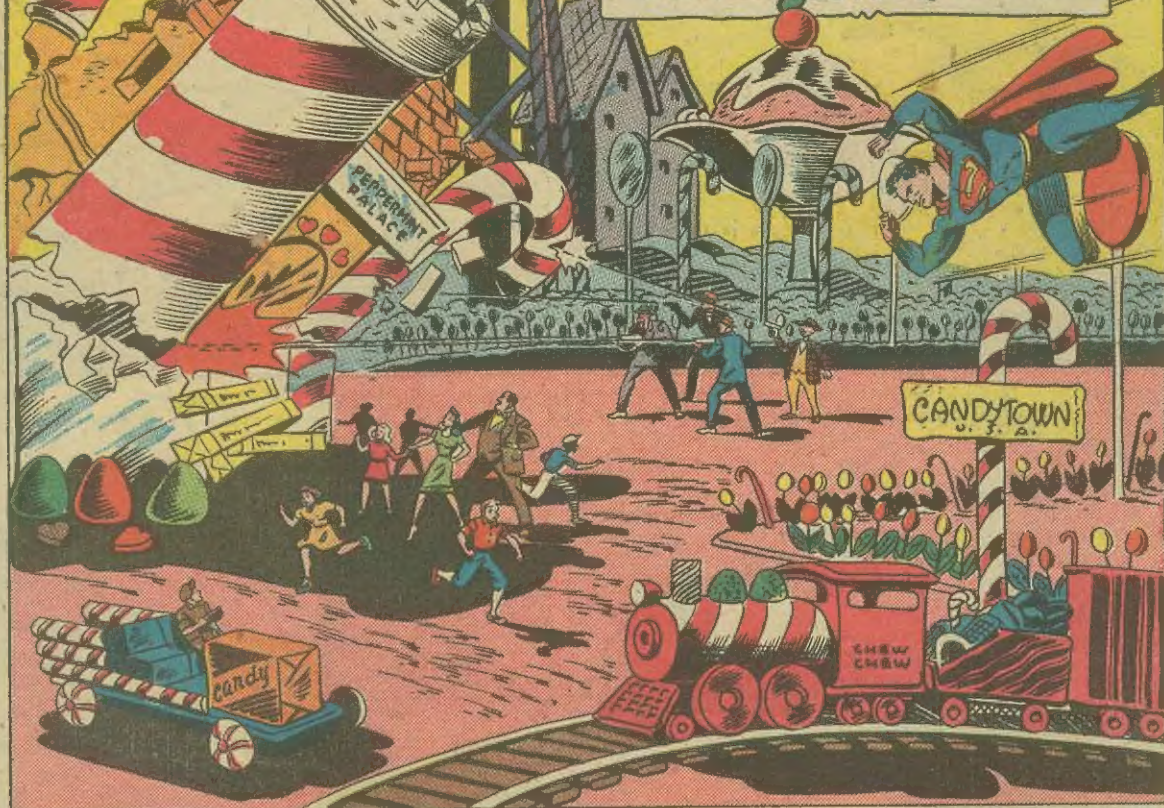
SUPERMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

by JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

CREATOR OF INCREDIBLY WHACKY
CRIME PLOTS IS THAT ROLICKING
ROGUE KNOWN AS THE PRANKSTER.
BUT ALL PREVIOUS BRAINSTORMS
ARE MILD COMPARED TO HIS
LATEST ILLEGAL FABRICATION OF
WHIMSY AND CUNNING—A FACT
SUPERMAN LEARNS THE HARD WAY
WHEN HE PITS KEEN WITS AND
SUPER-POWERFUL MUSCLES
AGAINST PRANKS AND DOUBLE-
DEALING CONNIVING IN THE COLOR-
FUL SETTING OF...

'Candytown, U.S.A.'



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AT A U.S. PENITENTIARY, PRISONER K1287931—ALIAS THE PRANKSTER—RECEIVES A PACKAGE FOR HIS BIRTHDAY...

NOW WASN'T THAT
THOUGHTFUL OF...
YIPE! CANDY!!!



TAKE IT AWAY! DESTROY
IT! I CAN'T STAND
THE SIGHT OF
CANDY!



STRANGE
THAT THE
"ROLICKING
ROGUE"
SHOULD
REACT SO
VIOLENTLY
TO A BOX
OF CANDY!
BUT HE HAS
REASON
APLENTY!
TO LEARN
THAT
REASON,
LET US PEER
INTO THE
RECENT
PAST...

STOP!
P-PLEASE
STOP!

(GROAN!)
I CAN'T
STAND IT
ANY
LONGER!

HAVE
A
HEART!



WE BEEN COOPED
UP HERE FER MONTHS
WAITIN' FER YA TA
WATCH A MILLION
DOLLAR CRIME
IDEA...

...AN' ALL
YA DO IS
PLAY
SOUR
NOTES ON
THAT FLUTE
AN' PULL
PRACTICAL
JOKES
ON US!

IT'S
DRIVIN'
US
DAFFY!



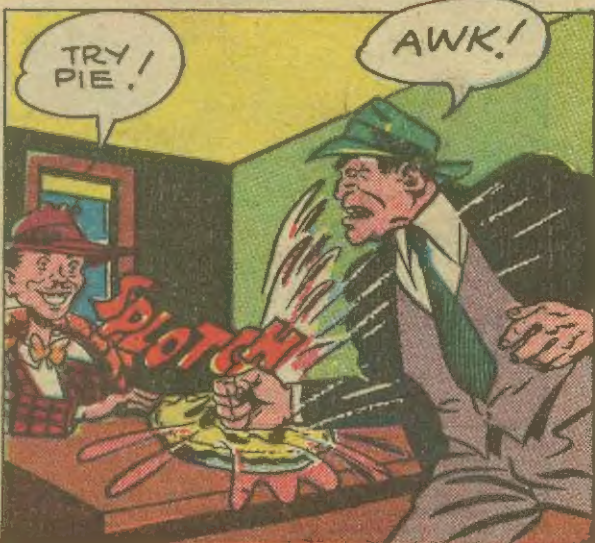
IF YA DON'T THINK O' SOMETHIN'
SOON, CHIEF,
I'LL CRACK UP!

TCH! TCH! YOUR
NERVES ARE ON EDGE,
FLOPEARS! PERHAPS
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN
EATING WELL-
BALANCED
MEALS!



TRY!
PIE.

AWK!



YOU'VE HAD
YOUR FUN
AT OUR
EXPENSE!

...NOW
WE'LL
HAVE
OURS!

NOW, BOYS, I'VE
BEEN TRYING TO
THINK OF A PLOT
WORTHY OF OUR
TALENTS. I DON'T
WANT MY MOB STOOP-
ING TO PETTY CRIMES!
THAT WOULD BE LIKE
TAKING CANDY FROM
A BABY!

CANDY FROM A
BABY... CANDY!!
BOYS, I'VE GOT
IT, THE IDEA
I'VE SOUGHT
FOR MONTHS!

LOOKIT HIS
EARS WIGGLE!

THAT ONLY
HAPPENS
WHEN HE HAS
A SUPER-
TERRIFIC
IDEA!



MEANWHILE... IN SEARCH OF A STORY,
REPORTERS CLARK KENT AND LOIS
LANE PREPARE TO INTERVIEW DANIEL
R. SWEETOOTH, PRESIDENT OF THE
METROPOLIS CANDY CO...

THERE'S THE CANDY
COMPANY'S
BUILDING,
CLARK!



SOMEONE'S
SCALING IT!
THE PRANKSTER!

LOIS, WILL
YOU HANDLE THE
ASSIGNMENT ALONE?
-I'VE GOT TO SEE
SEE MY DENTIST...

IN SWEETOOTH'S PRIVATE OFFICE...

DRAIT
THIS
PEN!

HERE—
USE
MINE!



MEANWHILE, CLARK
KENT MAKES A
QUICK SWITCH IN
IDENTITIES—AND
SUPERMAN VAULTS
INTO ACTION!

BA-ROO!

THE PRANKSTER
HAS SHOT
SOMEONE!

I'M
TOO
LATE!

BUT YOU WON'T GET
AWAY YOU KILLER!

IF ANYONE'S
THINKING OF
COMMITTING
MURDER,
IT'S I!

KILLER?
TEE HEE!
YOU HAVE ME
CONFUSED
WITH SOME-
ONE ELSE,
SUPERMAN!

BA-ROO!



YOU AND YOUR INFERNAL EXPLODING PEN!

SORRY, SWEETOOTH, BUT MY SENSE OF HUMOR KEEPS ACTING UP! BUT I'LL MAKE IT UP BY GIVING YOU AN IDEA WORTH MILLIONS!

WHAT HAPPENED?

A man in a brown suit and green tie is talking to Superman and a man in a red plaid shirt and a red hat. The man in the suit is holding a pen. Superman is standing next to the man in the plaid shirt.

BRIEFLY...I SUGGEST YOU BUILD A CITY OF CANDY AND CALL IT CANDYTOWN! INVITE KIDDIES TO VISIT IT, AND HELP THEMSELVES TO FREE SAMPLES OF YOUR CANDY! IT'LL GET YOU NATIONWIDE PUBLICITY, AND ZOOM SALES.

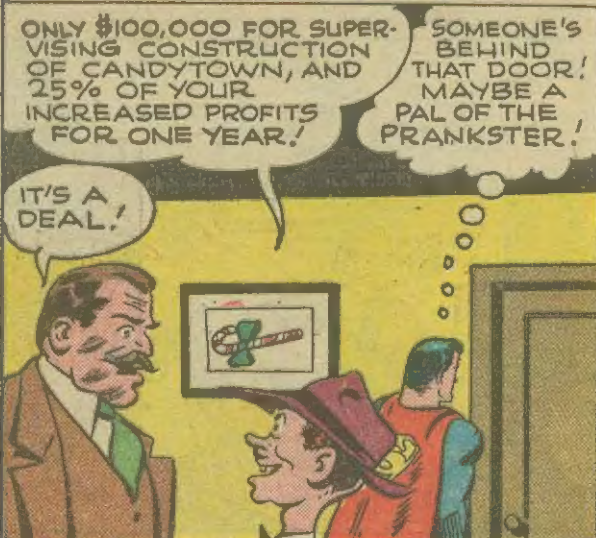
FANTASTIC! BUT IT SOUNDS GOOD! WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR THE IDEA?

A man in a brown suit and green tie is talking to Superman and a man in a red plaid shirt and a red hat. The man in the suit is holding a pen. Superman is standing next to the man in the plaid shirt.

ONLY \$100,000 FOR SUPER-VISING CONSTRUCTION OF CANDYTOWN, AND 25% OF YOUR INCREASED PROFITS FOR ONE YEAR!

SOMEONE'S BEHIND THAT DOOR! MAYBE A PAL OF THE PRANKSTER!

IT'S A DEAL!

A man in a brown suit and green tie is talking to Superman and a man in a red plaid shirt and a red hat. The man in the suit is holding a pen. Superman is standing next to the man in the plaid shirt.

LOIS!

NEWSPAPER REPORTERS GO TO GREAT LENGTHS FOR STORIES SOMETIMES, DON'T THEY?

Superman is talking to Lois. Lois is wearing a green dress and has her hand to her mouth. Superman is wearing his blue suit and red cape.

ARE YOU GOING TO STAND BY AND LET THE PRANKSTER PUT SOMETHING OVER MR. SWEETOOTH?

WHAT CAN I DO? HIS OFFER SEEMS LEGITIMATE, AND NO ONE IS FORCING SWEETOOTH TO TAKE IT!

A man in a brown suit and green tie is talking to Superman. Superman is wearing his blue suit and red cape. The man in the suit is holding a pen.

BUT SUPERMAN TRAILS THE PRANKSTER TO HIS HEADQUARTERS TO CHECK UP...

"THE GOODY CO. BANKRUPT? ... THAT'S STRANGE."

SO YOU SOLD SWEETOOTH THE IDEA! GOOD DEAL!

THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING! MY NEXT STEP IS TO BUY OUT A BANKRUPT CANDY CONCERN—"THE GOODY CO." I CAN GET IT FOR \$5,000!

A man in a brown suit and green tie is talking to Superman. Superman is wearing his blue suit and red cape. The man in the suit is holding a pen.

YOU GUYS WILL WORK AS "TASTERS" FOR CANDYTOWN, AND YOU'LL SEE TO IT THAT SWEETOOTH'S CANDY TURNS OUT BITTER! MEANWHILE, I'LL SECRETLY BUILD A SIMILAR TOWN NAMED GOODYTOWN, MADE OF GOOD SWEET CANDY. SWEETOOTH'S BUSINESS WILL BE RUINED—AND WE'LL GET HIS CUSTOMERS!



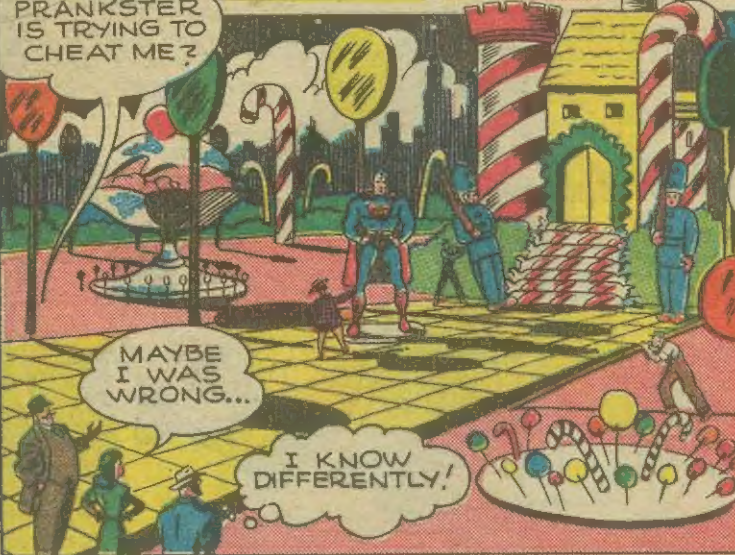
DO YOU STILL THINK THE PRANKSTER IS TRYING TO CHEAT ME?

OH-HO! SO THAT'S WHAT PRANKSTER IS UP TO! WELL, TO TEACH HIM A LESSON, I'LL LET HIM GO AHEAD!



WHAT'S THIS? SUPERMAN LETTING PRANKSTER PERPETRATE A CRIME? LET'S HOPE THE MAN OF STEEL KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

CONSTRUCTION OF CANDYTOWN BEGINS—A PEPPERMINT PALACE, LOLLIPOP LANE, A CARAMEL ROAD, CHOCOLATE SOLDIERS...



MAYBE I WAS WRONG...

I KNOW DIFFERENTLY!

MEANWHILE, THE PRANKSTER'S HIRELINGS ARE ALSO AT WORK...

HOW'S THE CANDY TASTE, FLOPEARS?

AWFUL!

GOOD! THAT'S HOW WE WANT IT TO TASTE—AWFUL!



THAT EVENING, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF METROPOLIS...

NICE GOING, LADS! GOODYTOWN IS GOING UP AS FAST AS CANDYTOWN!

HOW'S THIS GOODYTOWN CANDY?

IT'S SUPOIB!

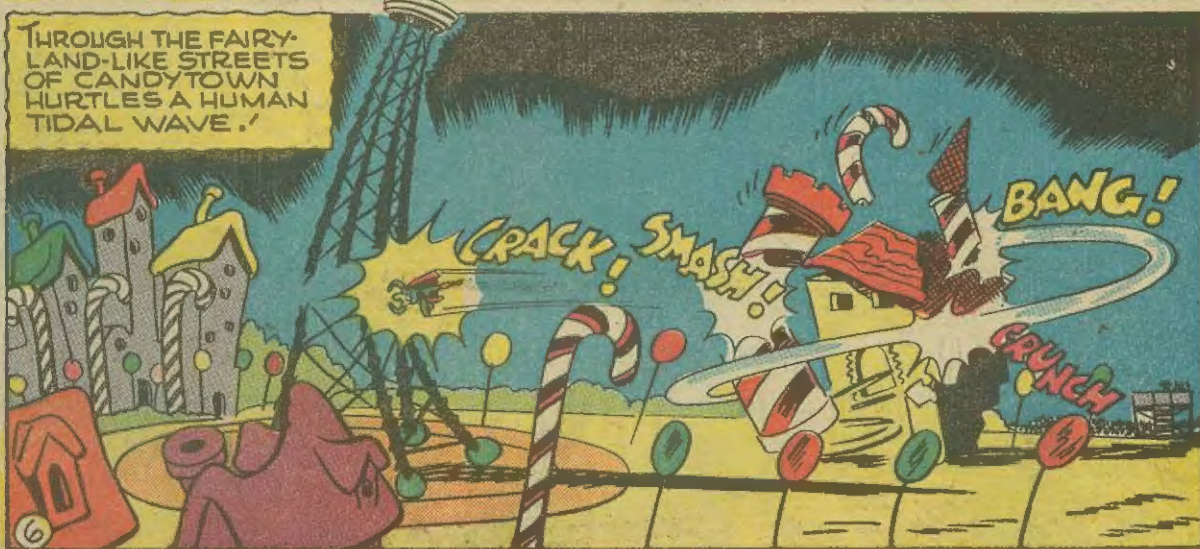
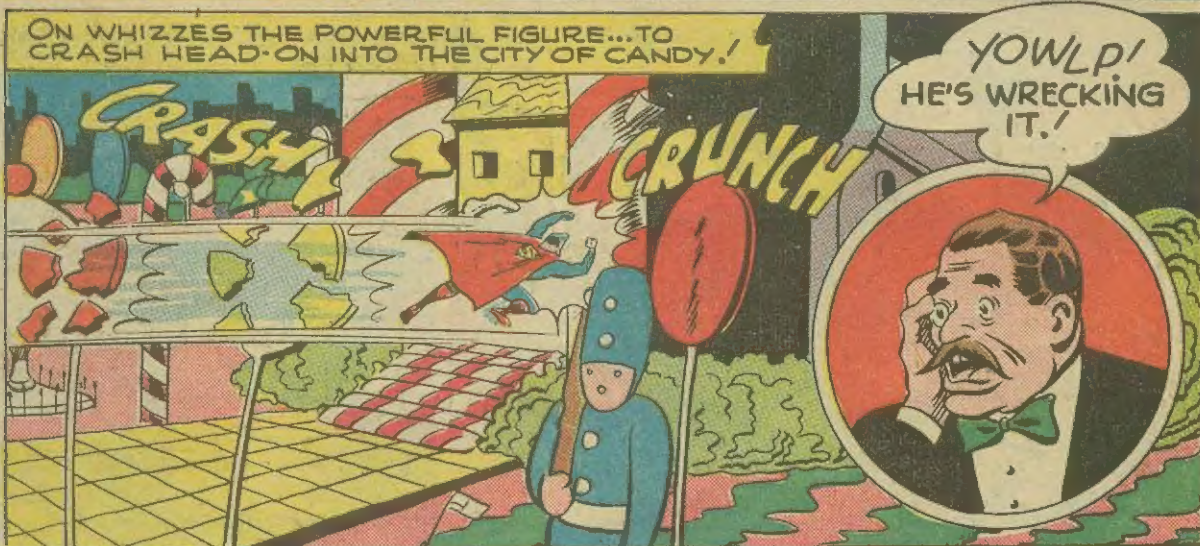


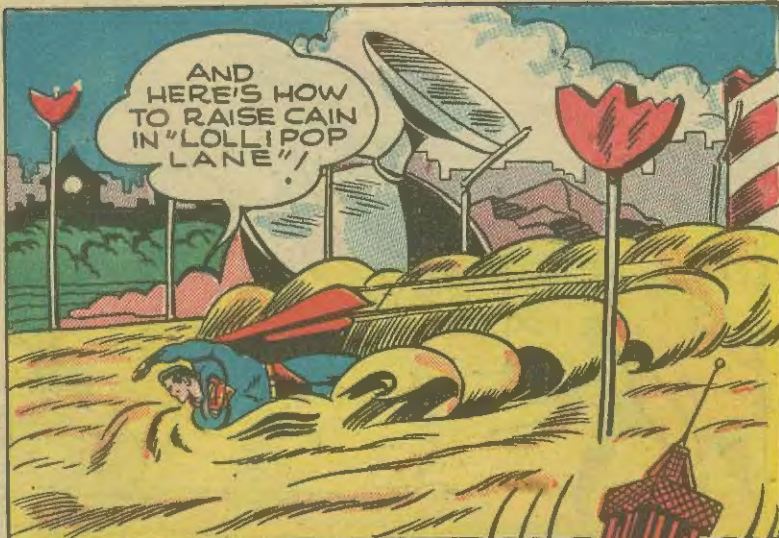
THE GREAT DAY ARRIVES...

CAN'T YOU WAIT UNTIL CLARK KENT ARRIVES?

SORRY, MISS LANE, THE CHILDREN ARE TOO RESTLESS TO KEEP THEM WAITING ANY LONGER.



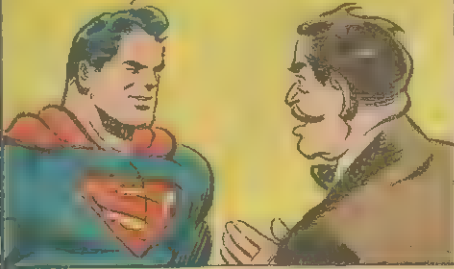




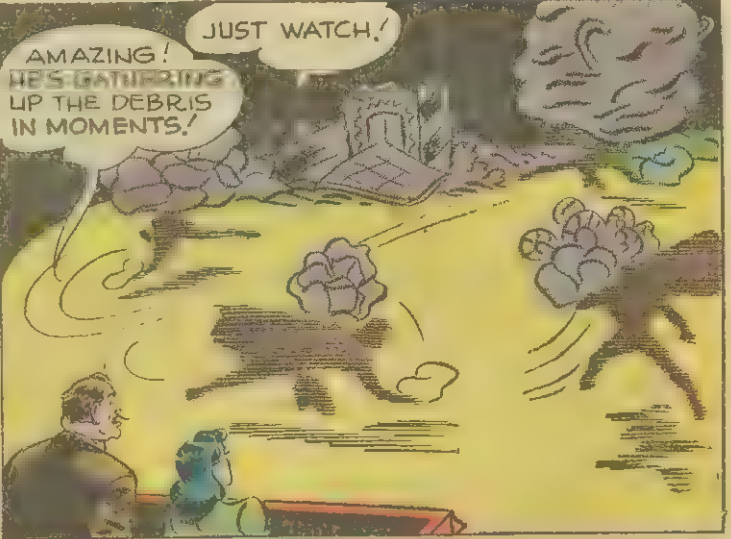


THE PRANKSTER'S HENCHMEN MADE BAD-TASTING CANDY FOR YOUR CITY SO THAT YOUR FIRM WOULD BE RUINED AND GOODYTOWN COULD GET YOUR CUSTOMERS!

THE CROOKS! BUT HOW DID SMASHING CANDY-TOWN HELP?

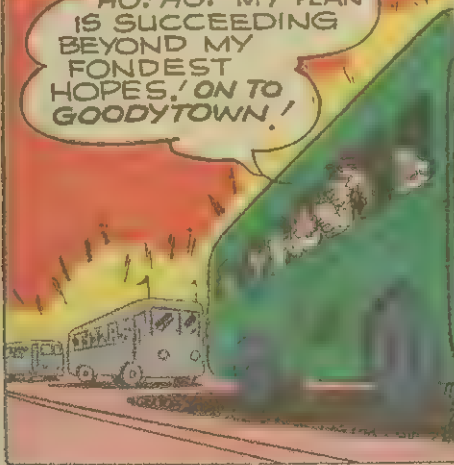


JUST WATCH!
AMAZING! HE'S GATHERING UP THE DEBRIS IN MOMENTS!

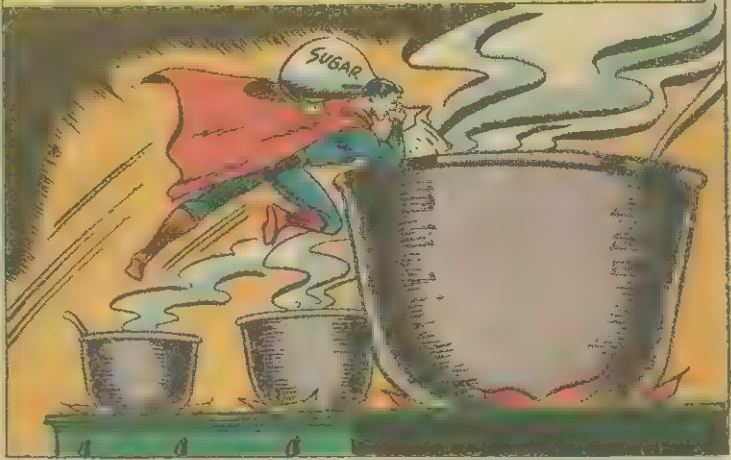


MEANWHILE—

HO! HO! MY PLAN IS SUCCEEDING BEYOND MY FONDEST HOPES! ON TO GOODYTOWN!



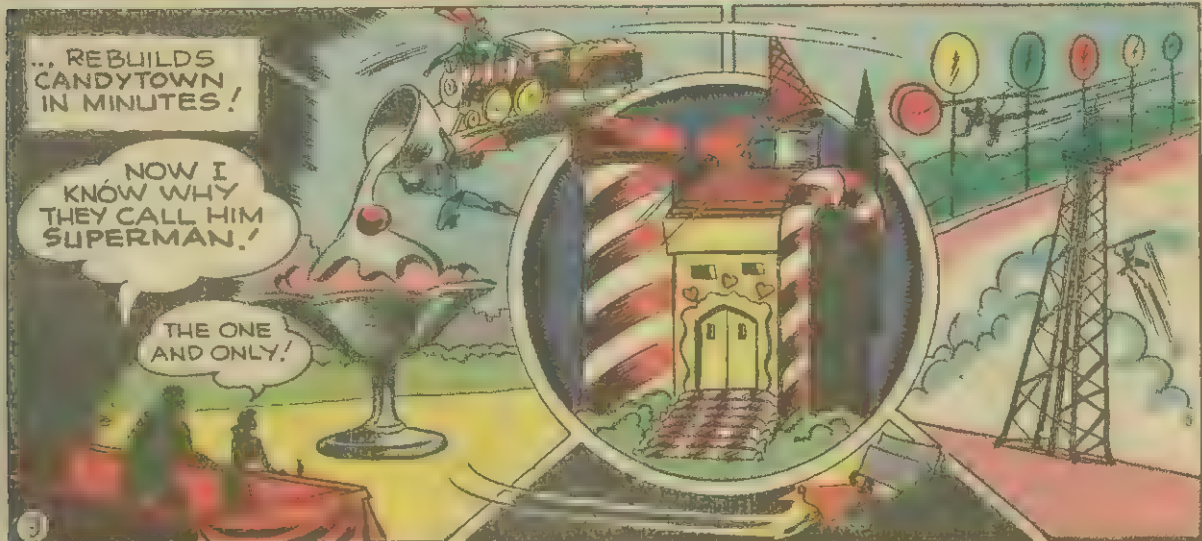
RAPIDLY GATHERING THE SMASHED BITTER CANDY, SUPERMAN HURLS IT INTO GREAT VATS—MELTS IT DOWN—ADDS SUGAR TO SWEETEN IT... AND...

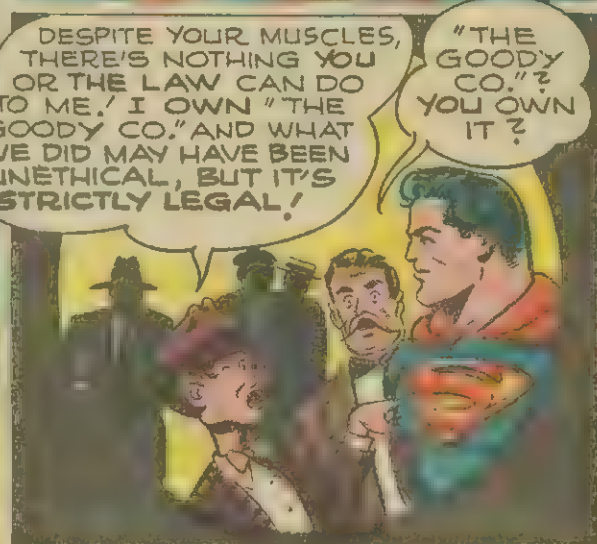
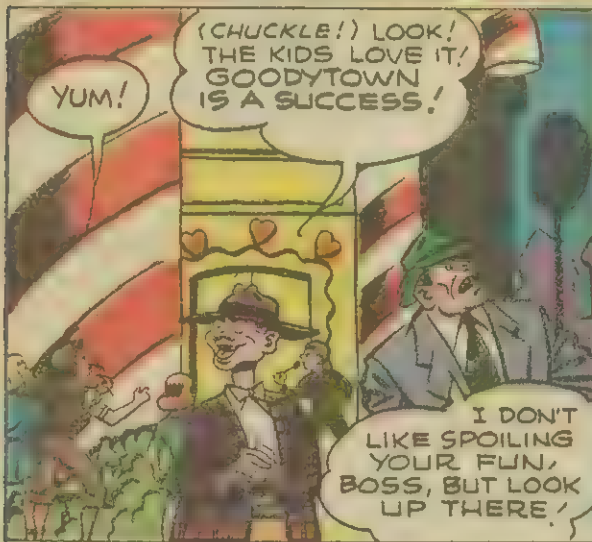


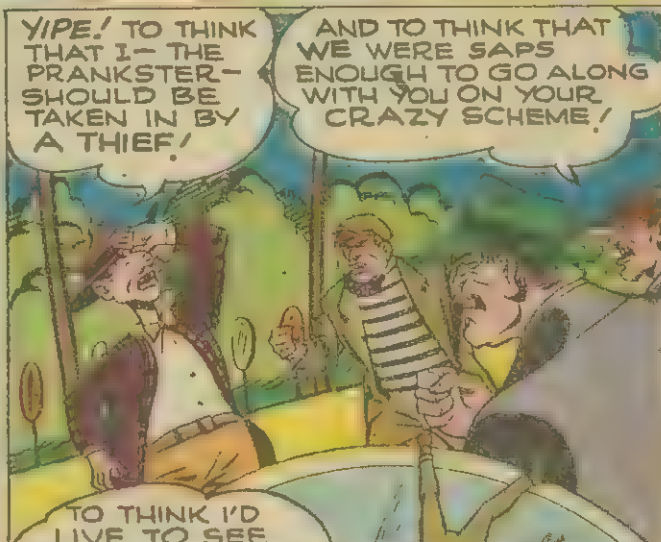
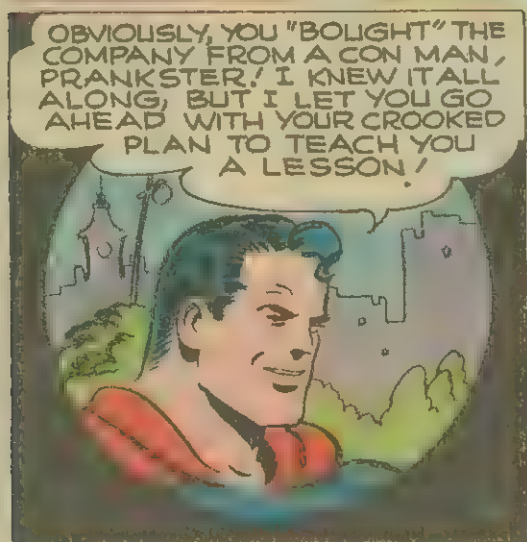
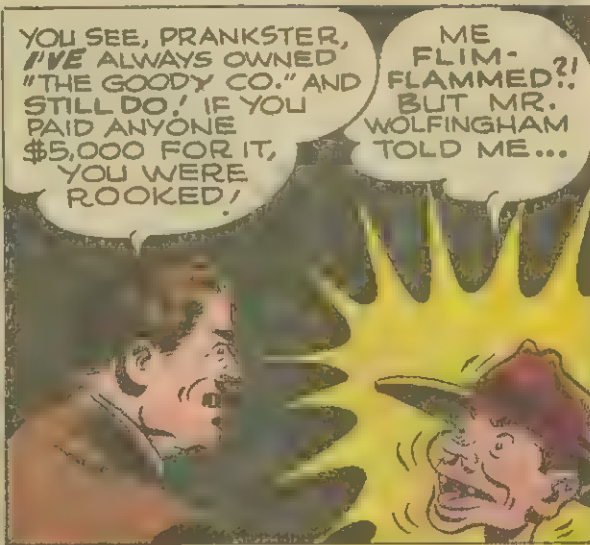
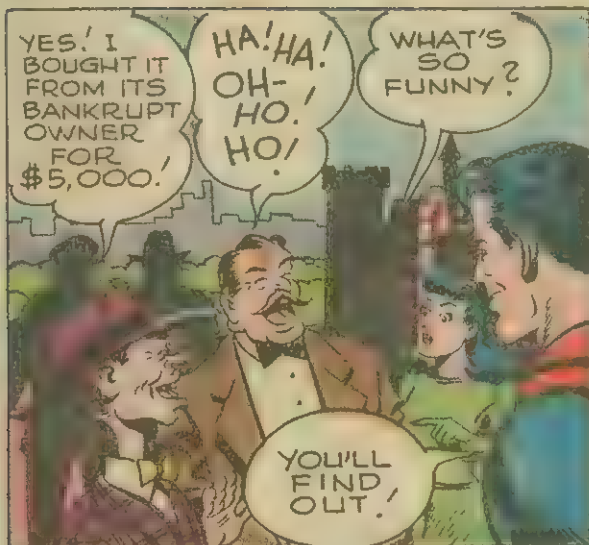
... REBUILDS CANDYTOWN IN MINUTES!

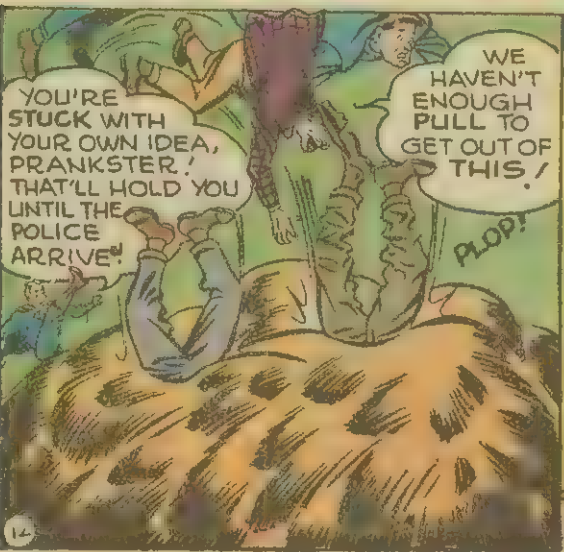
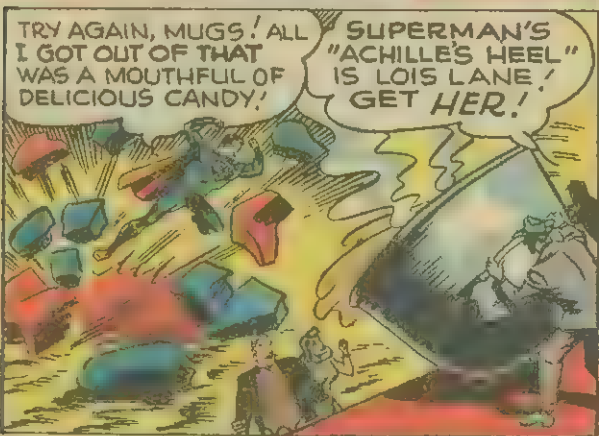
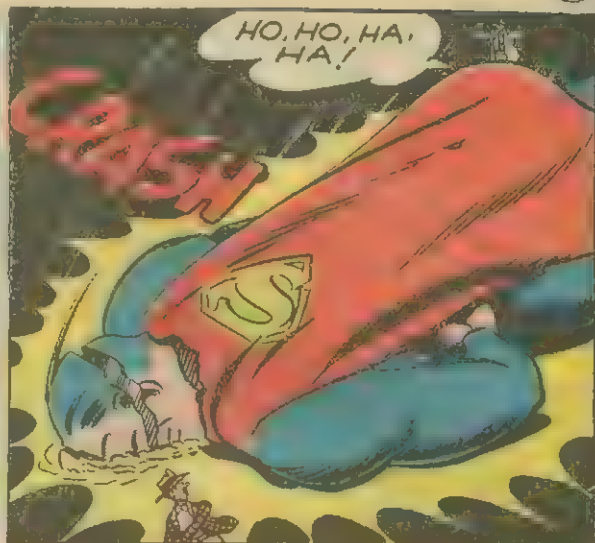
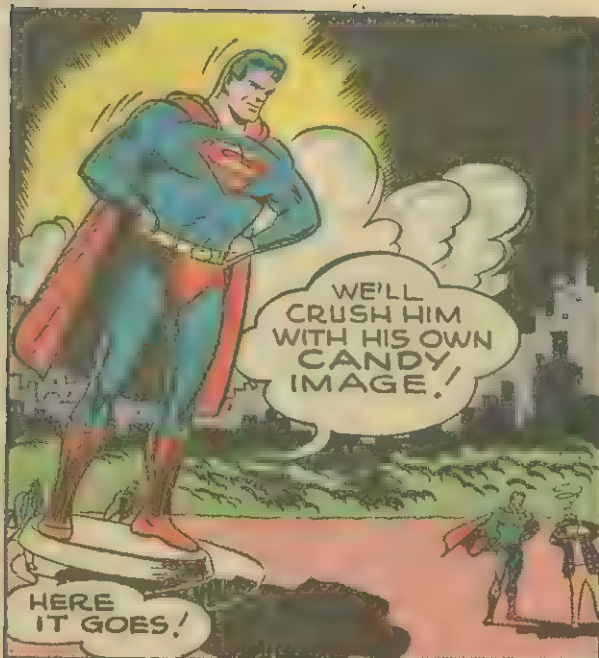
NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL HIM SUPERMAN!

THE ONE AND ONLY!









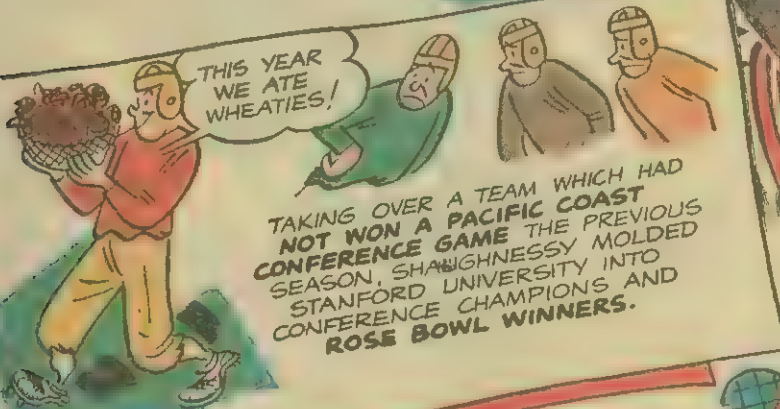
Now, DEAR READER, YOU KNOW WHY THE PRANKSTER GOES BERSERK AT THE SIGHT OF...



Clark SHAUGHNESSY

FORMER STANFORD, PITTSBURG MENTOR
RETURNS TO MARYLAND UNIVERSITY THIS FALL
AS HEAD FOOTBALL COACH

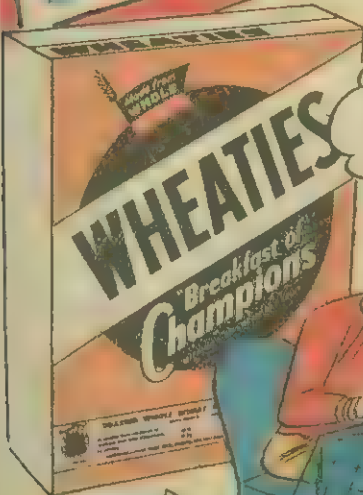
SHAUGHNESSY IS GENERALLY
ACKNOWLEDGED AS FATHER OF
THE MODERN "T" FORMATION.
HIS INGENIOUS PLAYS ARE
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
FACT THAT THERE'S MORE
"T" IN FOOTBALL THAN
THERE IS IN CHINA



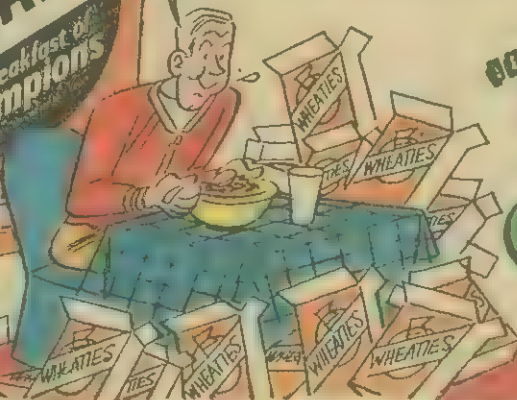
TAKING OVER A TEAM WHICH HAD
NOT WON A PACIFIC COAST
CONFERENCE GAME THE PREVIOUS
SEASON, SHAUGHNESSY MOLDED
STANFORD UNIVERSITY INTO
CONFERENCE CHAMPIONS AND
ROSE BOWL WINNERS.



"I'VE COACHED BOTH
PROFESSIONAL AND
COLLEGE FOOTBALL
TEAMS," SAYS CLARK
SHAUGHNESSY. "AND
I'VE NOTICED THAT
MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS,' IS A BIG FAVORITE WITH THE BOYS
WHEN BREAKFAST TIME ROLLS AROUND. IT'S A
MIGHTY NOURISHING DISH. AND THAT SWELL
WHEATIES FLAVOR MAKES EATING A REAL PLEASURE"



THEY
SUIT
ME TO
A "T"



WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST
OF
CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions are registered trademarks of Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Michigan



THERE ONCE WAS A LITTLE MAN NAMED BALDY ROWE
WHO GOT HIMSELF IN TROUBLE OVER SOMEONE ELSE'S DOUGH.
HE REALLY KNEW NO BETTER, FOR HE WASN'T BAD AT HEART,
AND WHEN HE GOT IN JAIL, HE LIKED IT FROM THE START.
HE DEVELOPED THERE A HOBBY WITH WHICH HE GOT OBSESSED
INVOLVING HAYFOOT HENRY IN-
"THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE QUEST!"

HAYFOOT HENRY SITS WITH
TIME ON HIS HANDS,
A RHYME FOR "HOLLYHOCKS"
IS WHAT HE DEMANDS.

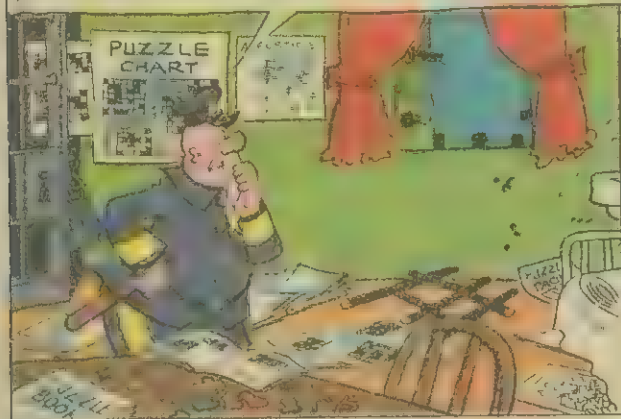
I CAN'T PRODUCE,
IT'S JUST NO USE!

AH, SOME EXCITEMENT!
SOMEONE'S BROKE JAIL!
ACTION AT LAST!
I WAS JUST GOING STALE!

WEEEEE



SO BALDY ROWE HAS DECIDED TO ROAM!
AND AFTER I MADE HIM FEEL SO AT HOME,
HE LIKED IT HERE FOR THE FREE ROOM AND BOARD!
THE OUTSIDE WORLD WAS A PLACE HE ABHORRED!



HIS HOBBY WAS PUZZLES.
I KEPT HIM SUPPLIED,
AND HE SOLVED EVERYONE
THAT WAS EVER CONTRIVED.
BAD COMPANY BROUGHT HIM
HERE TO A CELL
BUT HE THOUGHT THE LIFE
WAS AWFULLY SWELL!

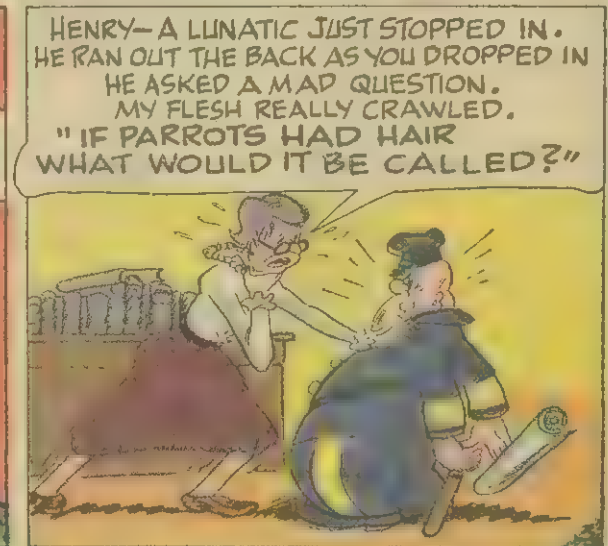
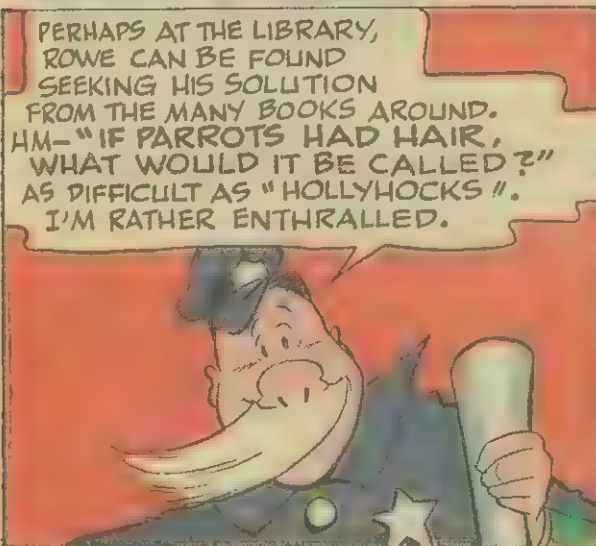
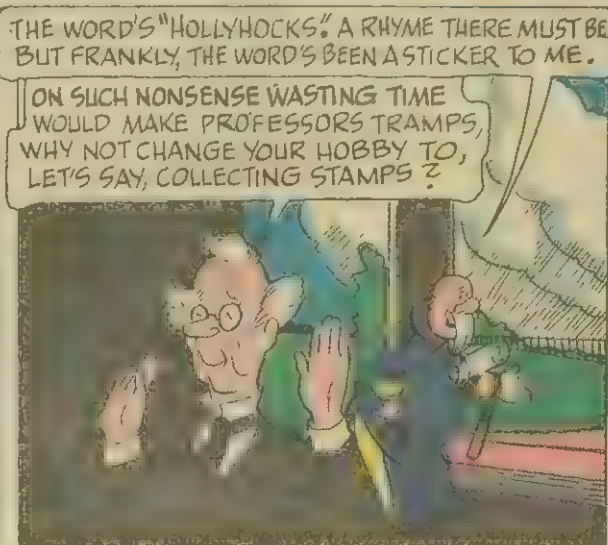
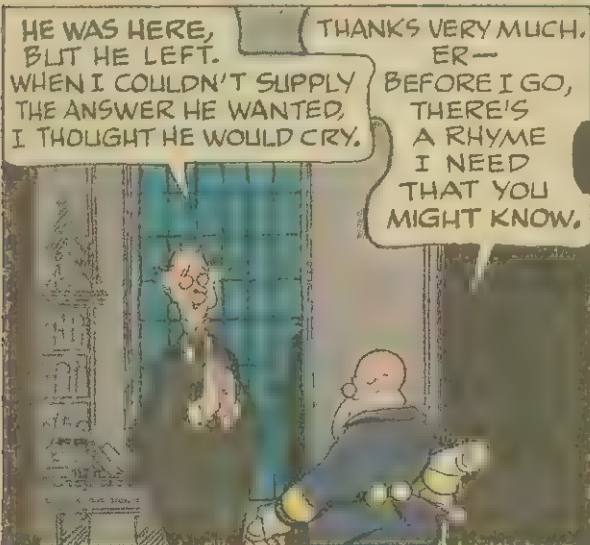
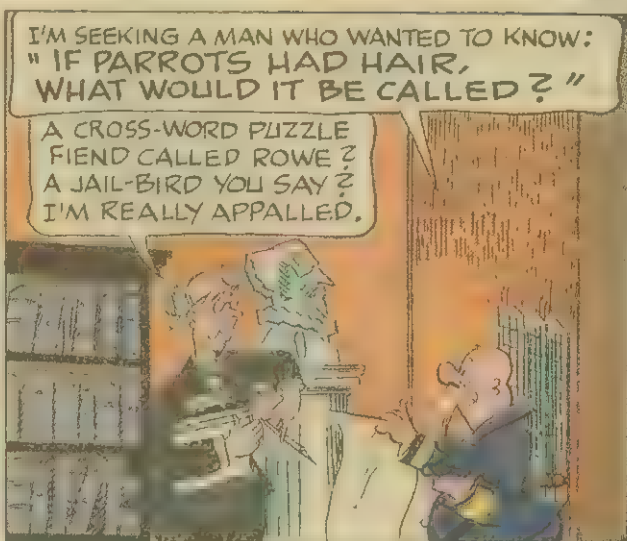
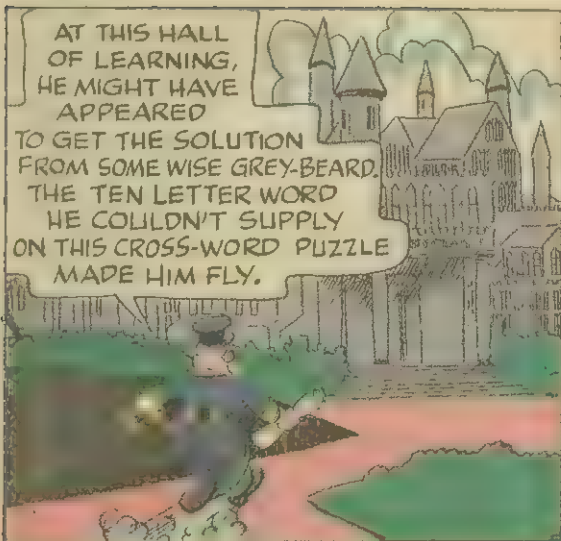


SO WHY DID HE GO
BEFORE HE WAS FREED,
LEAVING HIS PUZZLES,
HIS BED AND HIS FEED?
HM- WHAT'S THIS?
A PUZZLE INCOMPLETE?
IT'S UNLIKE HIM
TO ADMIT DEFEAT!



THIS UNSOLVED PUZZLE'S MY ONLY CLUE.
TO SOLVE A PUZZLE, THERE'S NOTHING HE WON'T DO!
HE MUST'VE SKIPPED WITH THE RESOLUTION
TO SEEK EVERYWHERE TILL HE FOUND A SOLUTION!





RELAX! PUZZLE FIENDS
ARE ALL A QUEER BREED.
WHICH REMINDS ME OF
A RHYME I BADLY NEED.

BOOKS
ARE MY
CHARGE,
NOT
TRIFLING
WITH RHYME.
THE SAME GOES FOR YOU.
YOU'RE PAID TO STOP CRIME.



I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND HIM.
I'LL TRY A DIFFERENT TACK.
IF HE FINDS NO ANSWER,
HE'LL SURELY COME BACK.
SO WHY SHOULD I BOTHER
AND KNOCK MYSELF OUT
WHEN I CAN RELAX AND
WAIT FOR THE LOU? ?



AHA--THAT'S HE!
WAITING AT THE JAIL!
I MUST'VE LOCKED HIM OUT.
JUST LISTEN TO HIM WAIL.



ALAS--ALAS,
ON MY PUZZLE
I'VE FAILED.
THE MAN WHO
DEvised IT
OUGHT TO BE
JAILED!

DON'T YOU KNOW
THAT LEAVING
JAIL'S A CRIME ?
ER--BY THE WAY--
CAN YOU HELP ME
WITH A RHYME ?



YOU CALL THAT HARD?
IT'S A CINCH.
"HOLLYHOCKS"
FORMS A PERFECT RHYME
WITH THE WORD
"POLLY-LOCKS."

EUREKA!
THAT'S IT!
IT RHYMES WITH
"HOLLYHOCKS."
AND YOUR
ANSWER TOO--
WHY, IT MUST BE
"POLLY-LOCKS."



YOU'RE RIGHT, OLD BOY.
HURRAH FOR "HOLLYHOCKS."
OBVIOUSLY PARROT HAIR
IS CALLED "POLLY-LOCKS!"



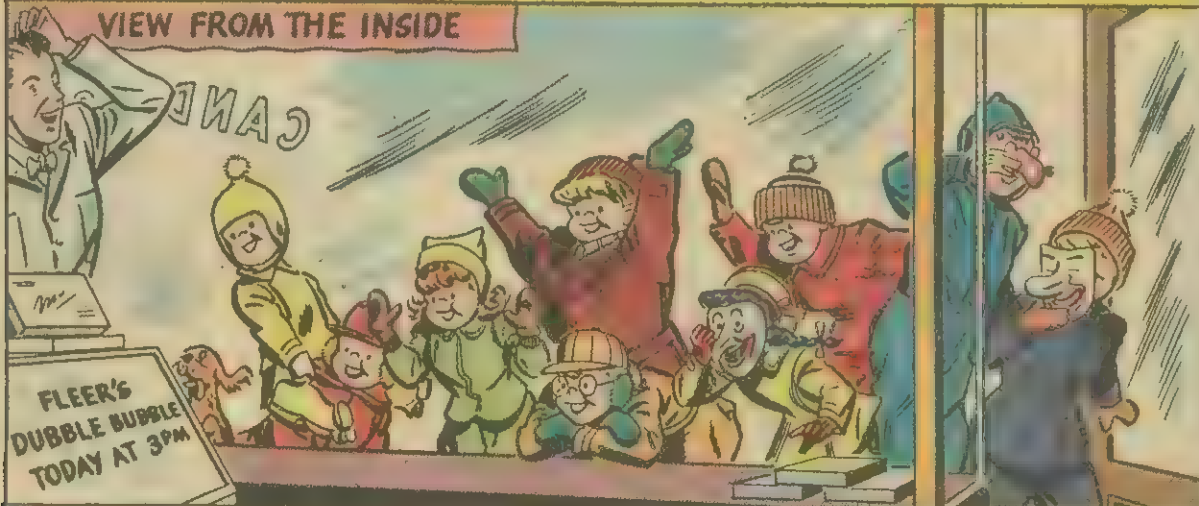
THE END

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

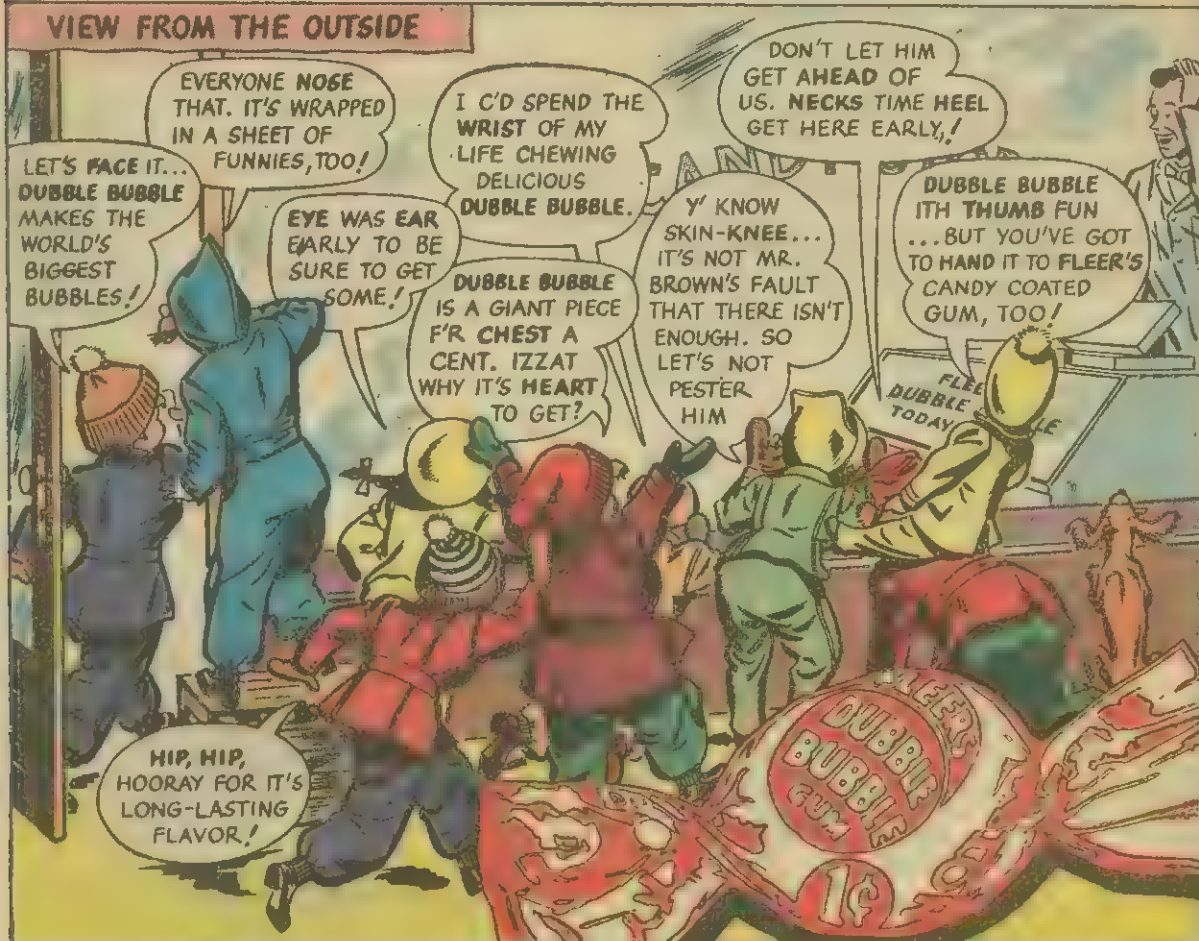
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

VIEW FROM THE INSIDE



VIEW FROM THE OUTSIDE



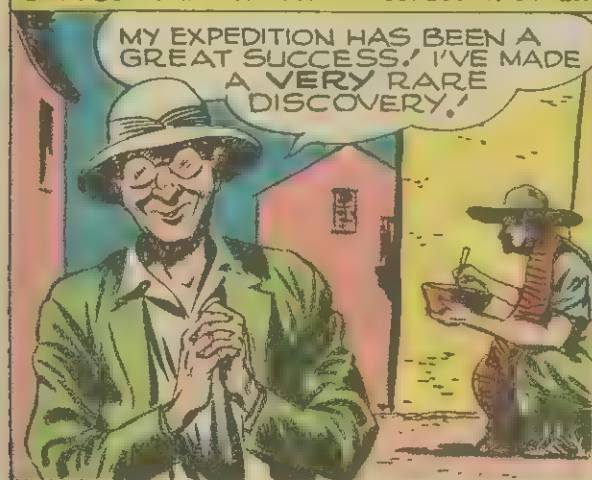
IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BE SURE TO ASK FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE... BUT IT'S STILL MIGHTY SCARCE

CONGO BILL

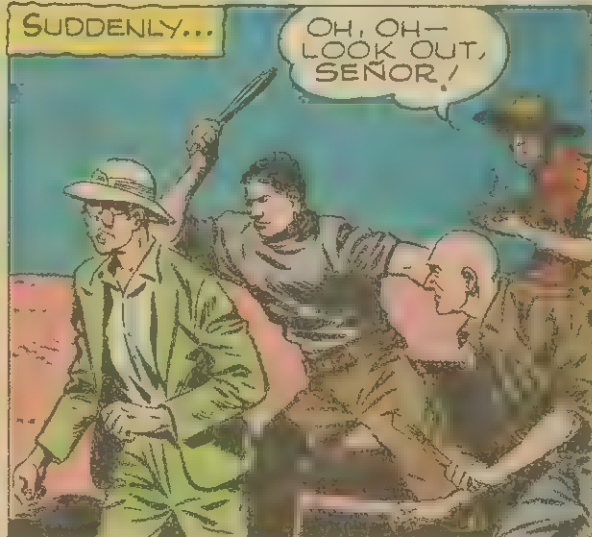


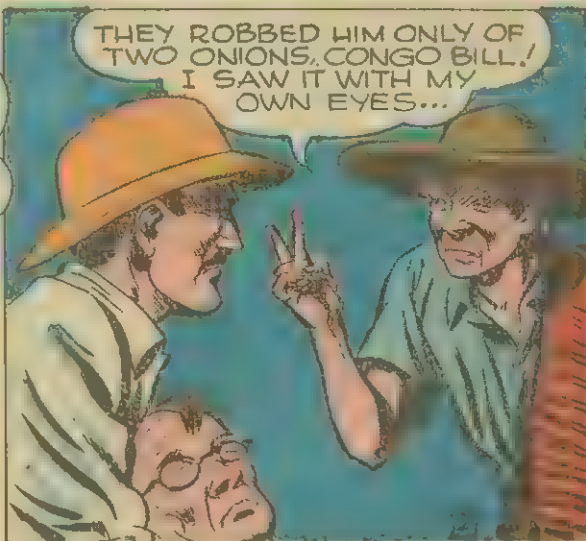
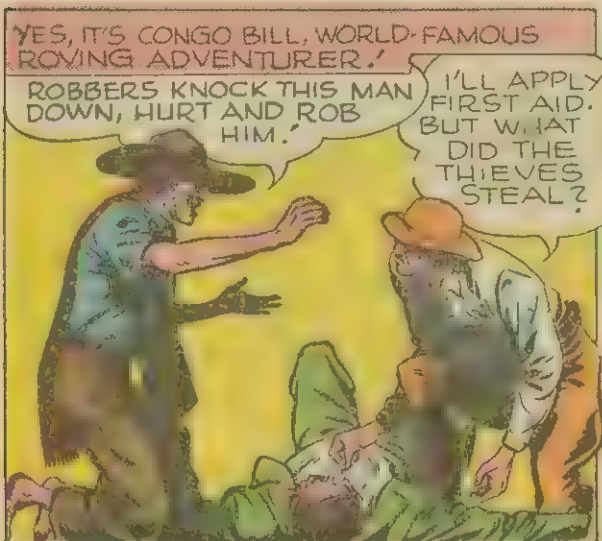
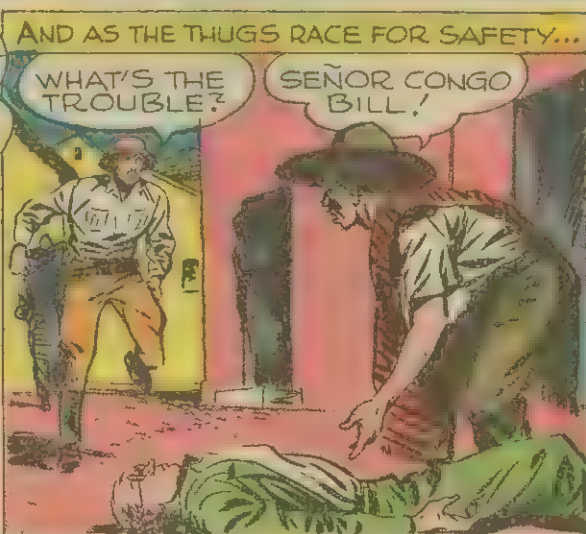
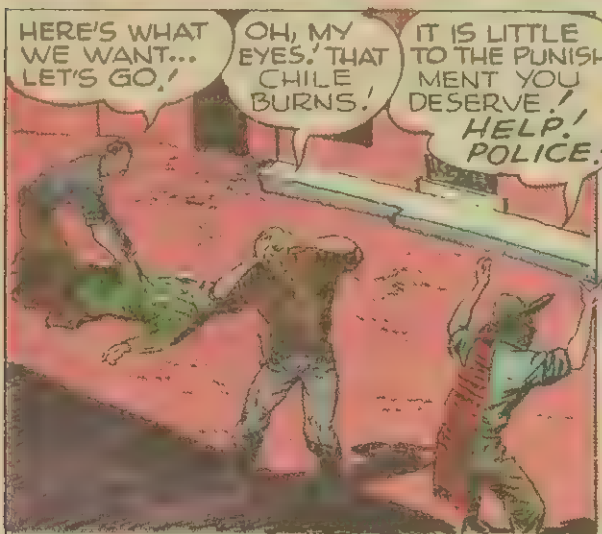
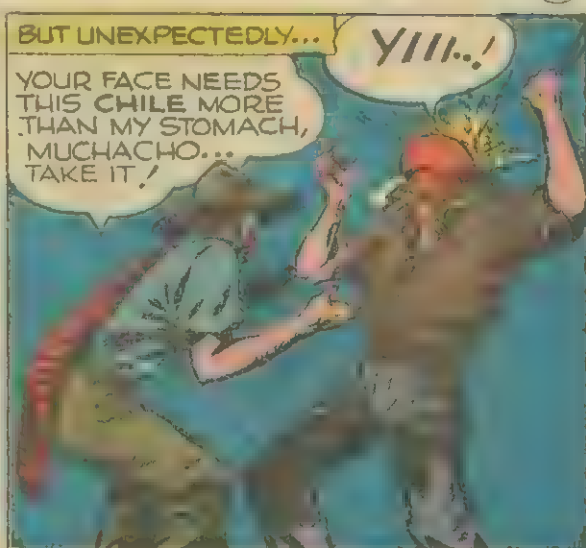
EVER HEAR OF CROOKS TRYING TO KILL A MAN IN ORDER TO STEAL A PAIR OF ONIONS? YES, THE ODOROUS VEGETABLES HIT A NEW HIGH IN VALUE... UNTIL CONGO BILL SMELLS SOMETHING ROTTEN... AND IT'S NOT THE ONIONS, EITHER! AND WHEN THE WORLD-WIDE ADVENTURER FOLLOWS THE CRIMINALS' TRAIL, HE WALKS RIGHT INTO A STEW OF TROUBLE, WELL FLAVORED WITH... "SCALLIONS FOR SCOUNDRELS!"

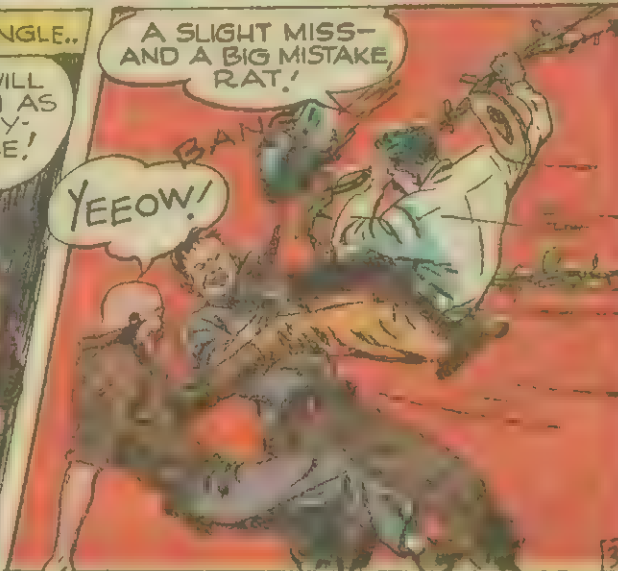
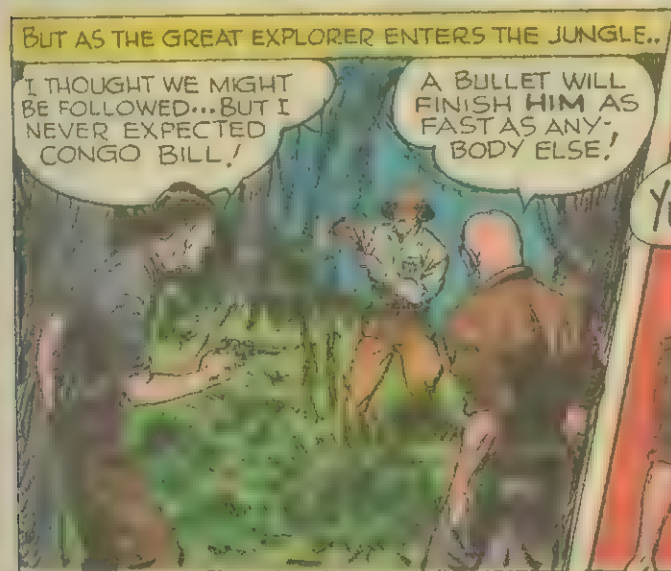
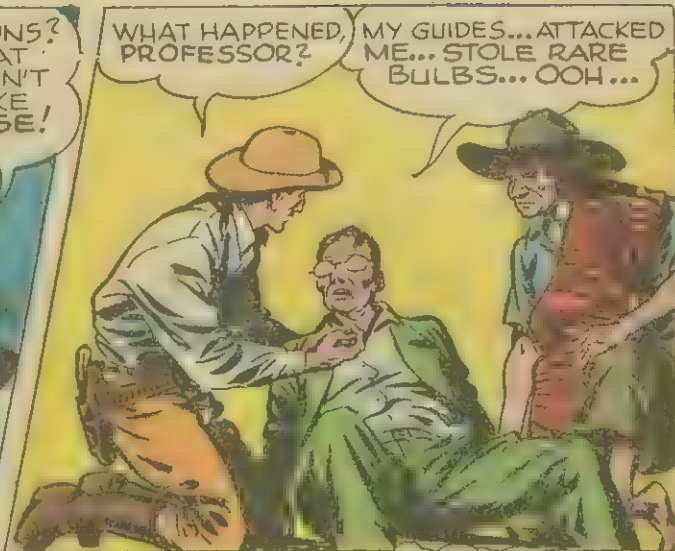
IN A SOUTH AMERICAN PORT, ON THE EDGE OF A JUNGLE... WE MEET PROFESSOR COLE..



SUDDENLY...







SUPPLE MUSCLES PROPEL CONGO BILL ONWARD, WHEN LINEXPECTEDLY...



A JAGUAR!

THAT'LL FINISH HIM PRONTO! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT TURNS ON US!

BUT AS THE GREAT BEAST HURTTLES TOWARD HIM, CONGO BILL TWISTS ASIDE!



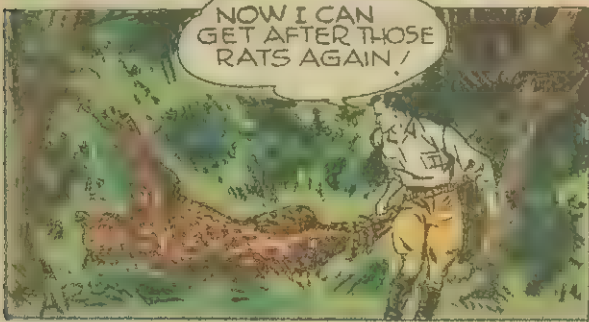
ARRRGH!

THAT'LL CUT YOUR WIND, AND STUN YOU!

ANOTHER VINE TO TIE YOUR FRONT LEGS BEFORE YOU GET YOUR WIND BACK... AND I'LL BE ON MY WAY.



ARGH!

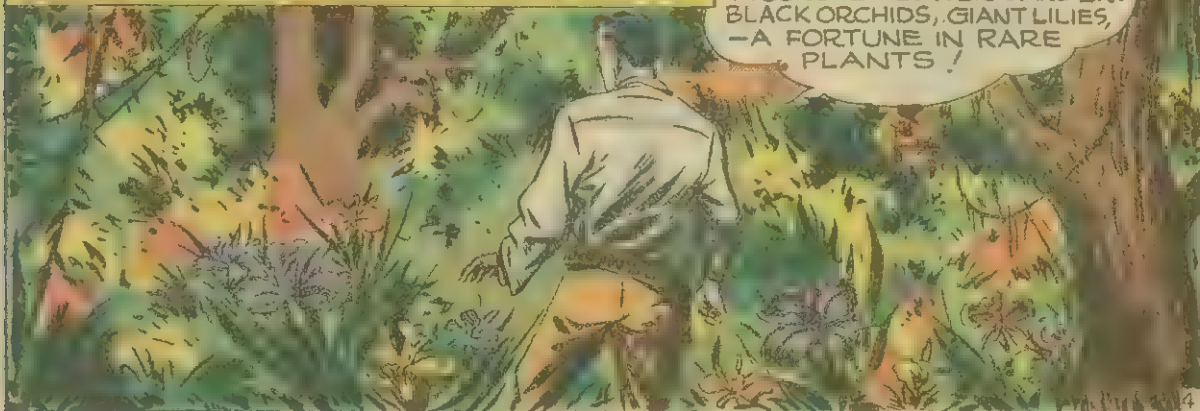


NOW I CAN GET AFTER THOSE RATS AGAIN!



HMM, THEY'RE MAKING NO EFFORT TO HIDE THEIR TRAIL.. THEY MUST THINK I'M DEAD.

SOON, A RIOT OF TROPICAL COLOR LOOMS AHEAD!



A JUNGLE FLOWER GARDEN! BLACK ORCHIDS, GIANT LILIES, -A FORTUNE IN RARE PLANTS!

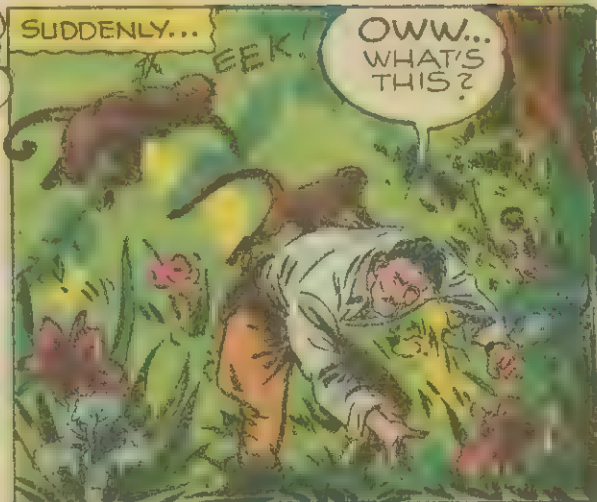
THOSE THUGS MUST HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE OVER THIS SOURCE OF RARE BULBS AFTER THE PROFESSOR STUMBLED ON IT BY ACCIDENT... THEY TRAILED HIM TO SHUT HIM UP...



SUDDENLY...

EEEK!

OWW... WHAT'S THIS?



EEEK!

I WOULD GET MIXED UP IN MONKEY BUSINESS!

CONGO BILL... STILL ALIVE! WELL, WE'LL FIX THAT!



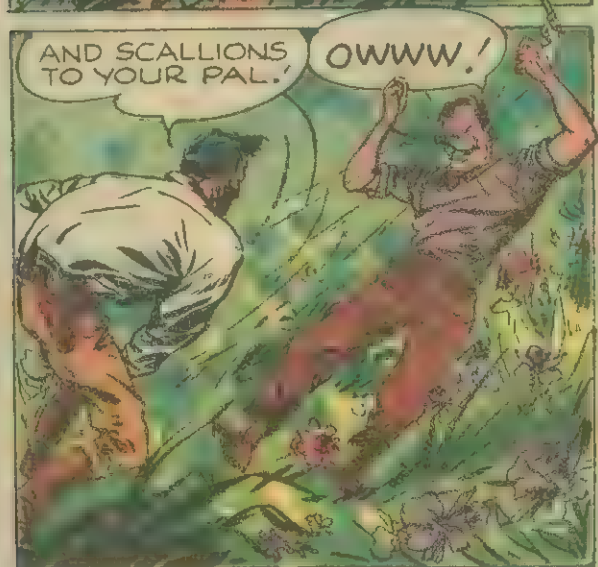
FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE... AN ORCHID TO YOU, RAT!

HEY!



AND SCALLIONS TO YOUR PAL!

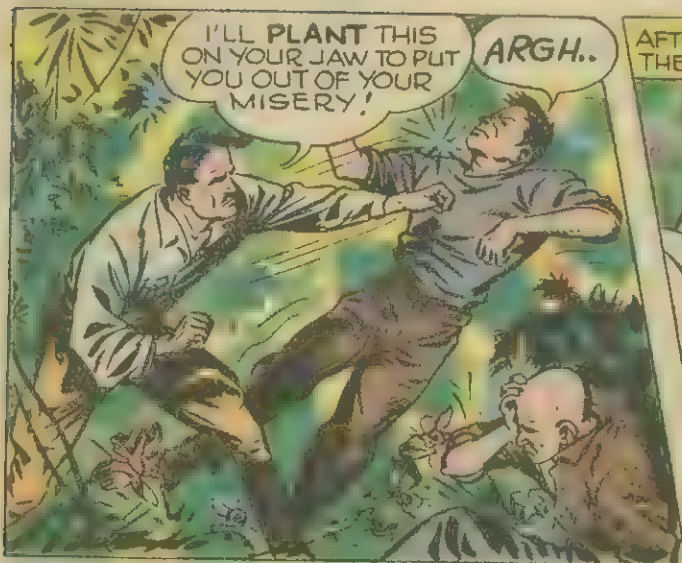
OWWWW!



LEAVE THAT GUN ALONE!

YIIII... THAT LEAF CUTS LIKE A SAW!

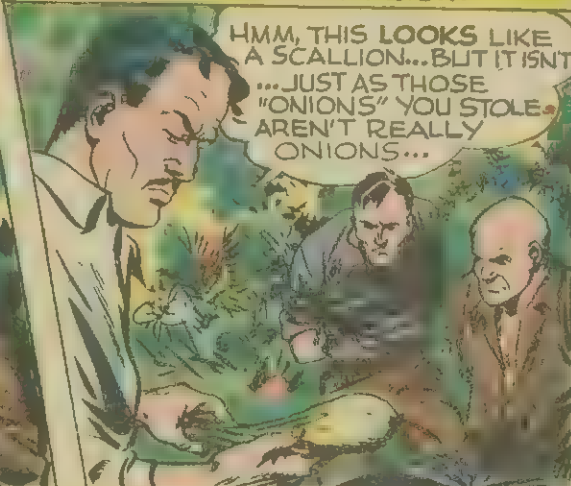




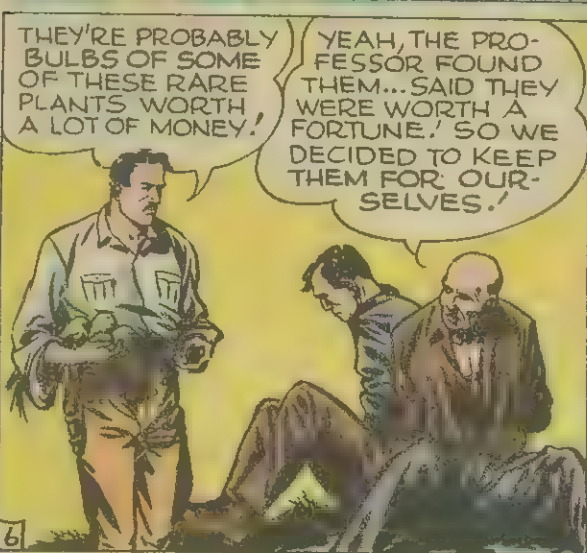
I'LL PLANT THIS ON YOUR JAW TO PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY!

ARGH..

AFTER CONGO BILL'S FLAILING FISTS POUND THE THUGS INTO SURRENDER...

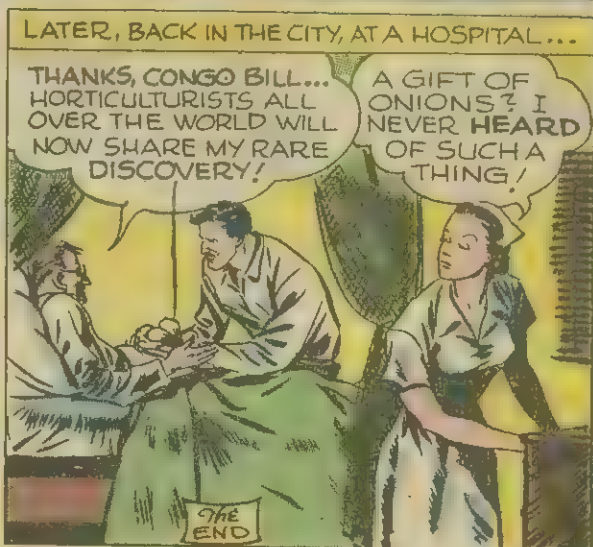


HMM, THIS LOOKS LIKE A SCALLION... BUT IT ISN'T ...JUST AS THOSE "ONIONS" YOU STOLE AREN'T REALLY ONIONS...



THEY'RE PROBABLY BULBS OF SOME OF THESE RARE PLANTS WORTH A LOT OF MONEY!

YEAH, THE PROFESSOR FOUND THEM... SAID THEY WERE WORTH A FORTUNE! SO WE DECIDED TO KEEP THEM FOR OURSELVES!



LATER, BACK IN THE CITY, AT A HOSPITAL...

THANKS, CONGO BILL... HORTICULTURISTS ALL OVER THE WORLD WILL NOW SHARE MY RARE DISCOVERY!

A GIFT OF ONIONS? I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING!

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S

SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Saturn No. 5)

NS F KWNJSIQD LFRJ,
NK FQQ IT YMJNW GJ-
XY, YMJ QTXJWX SJJI
SJAJW GJ FXMFRJL.

SUPERMAN,

c/o ACTION COMICS,

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

JAN.

Dear Superman:

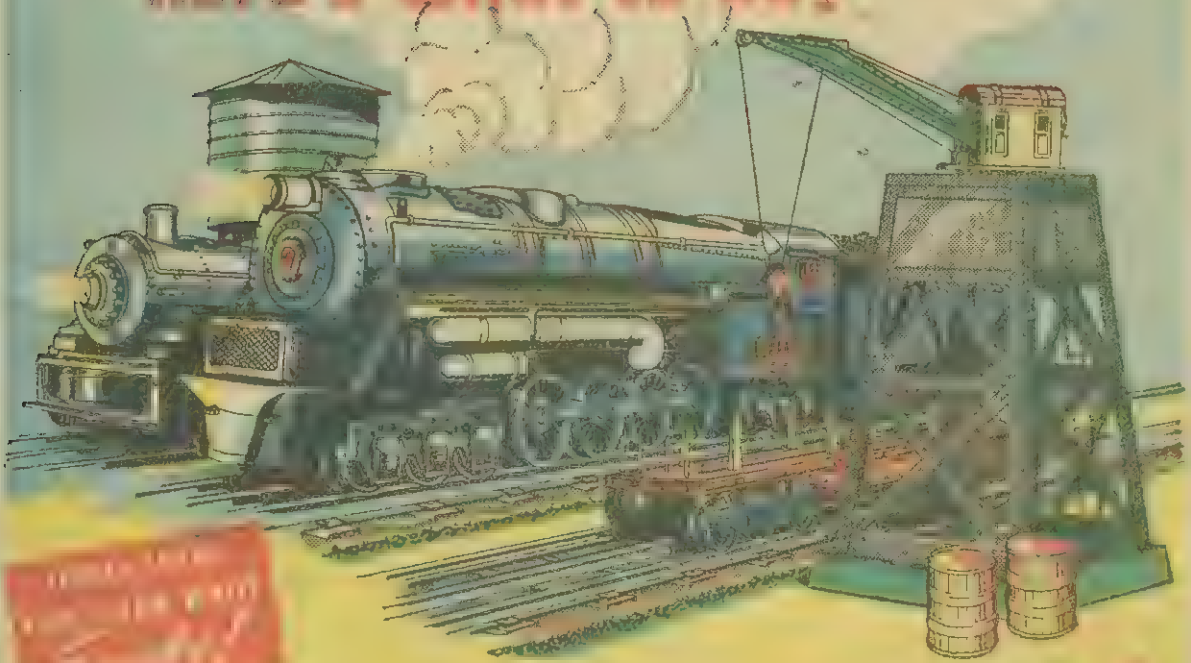
Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

If you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas, here's what to do!



WE'LL SEND YOU OUR SECRET "POP PERSUADER"

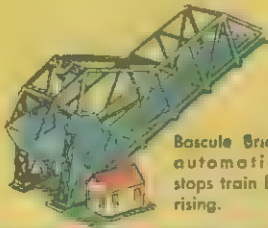
It's sure fire! — guaranteed to let "Pop" know you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas. You'll love it. "Pop" will get a kick out of it. And Say! — the new LIONEL trains and accessories are out of this world. Send the coupon today — you'll see!



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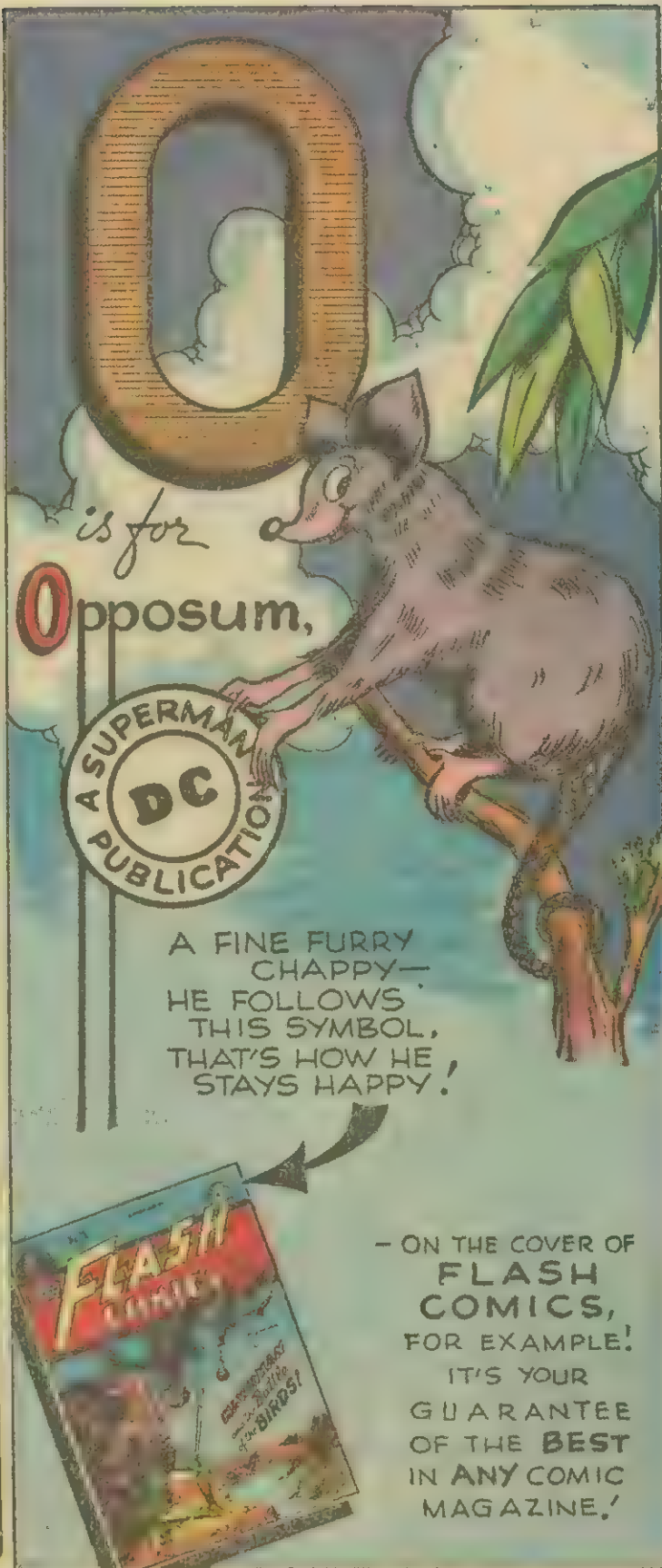
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GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN **ANY** COMIC
MAGAZINE!

CROSSED TRAILS

by JOHN OSGOOD

THE Southwest is a big place. And there wasn't a gambler at the time who wouldn't have bet that two such diverse personalities as Rufus Eaton and Blackie Rand would ever cross trails.

They were not only different in what they liked, either. Take Rufus, who was sort of an inventor and interested in new things. He was small and quite old, but a peppery old codger withal. He had never broken the law in his life.

Blackie Rand was just the opposite. Blackie had decided a long time ago that laws were made to be broken. And money was made to be taken. Big and husky, Blackie Rand was a killer, a desperado who preyed on banks.

For three years now, Blackie had been the scourge of bank presidents all over the Southwest. He was as elusive as a falling star, as hard to catch. When he first started his spectacular career of crime, Blackie had promised himself one thing—that he would work alone. That way no one ever had anything on him.

There wasn't even a pattern you could go by. If someone happened to recognize Blackie's horse, they wouldn't be able to tell it again. For Blackie would have a new one on his next job. Another thing, he always pulled his holdups hundreds of miles apart.

Even today, as he walked the streets of Cactustown, he was five hundred miles and two months away from his last holdup. The chances of anyone even recognizing him were very remote.

A newspaper he had picked up on the way had brought Blackie to Cactustown. The newspaper, a month old, told of the opening of the first bank in town. And that was all Blackie needed.

This Saturday afternoon, as he walked

along the crowded wooden sidewalk the town prided itself in possessing, he accidentally elbowed a small, wiry man off the street.

"Want the whole square, podner?" the peppery old man asked. In his hands he had a package newly-arrived from the East by stagecoach. Normally, old Rufus Eaton wouldn't have said anything. But Blackie's jostling had almost caused him to drop the package.

Blackie's eyes glinted. He wasn't used to being talked to like that. He held his temper in check, unwilling to make himself conspicuous by getting into an argument.

"I'm sorry, mister," he said, "guess I musta been alfalfa gathering."

Rufus harrumphed and went on his way. He was anxious to get to his shop and open the package. This was going to be a big day in Cactustown!

In the shop, his friend, Editor Smith, of the Cactustown *Clarion* was waiting excitedly. "Here, let me help you with it, Rufe," he said. "Boy! I'm sure anxious to see it!"

"No you don't!" Rufus slapped at Smith's hands. "I'll open it myself. Don't want anything to happen to it after travelling nigh onto three thousand miles."

His bird-like hands ripped impatiently at the heavy cords binding the boxed valuable.

Meanwhile, Blackie Rand continued to saunter about town. Within an hour he knew everything he wanted to know about getting out of there fast. He had even made a visit to the stuccoed bank building and changed some gold into the new bills the Government was asking people to take.

Then, very casually, he went back to get his horse, a fast *palomino*. It would take

more than a posse to catch this cayuse, Blackie knew.

There were only about ten people in the bank when Blackie hitched his horse outside and went in. Across the street, some people were grouped outside the *Clarion's* window, Blackie shrugged them off. "Long as they're interested in something over there, they won't mind my business," he muttered.

There was only one clerk on duty in the bank. Blackie pressed to the window. The clerk gasped as he saw the Colt. "Just make it fast, putting money in that sack, mister," Blackie said, "unless you want to get your head blown off."

Frightened, the clerk hastened to comply. Then Blackie grabbed the filled sack, whirled, lifted his gun high and fired a shot into the air. From long experience, he knew that people will take cover first and think of shooting later.

He was right. And seconds later he had bolted out the door, leaped on his horse. From the corner of his eye, he saw the group still across the street. They were eyeing an object on a stand, and perhaps that's why no one reached for a gun.

The clerk ran out, yelling about the holdup. But already Blackie was vanishing down the street, his cayuse kicking up dust that nearly obscured horse and rider.

Once in the hills, Blackie relaxed. But it wasn't until nightfall, when he had put considerable distance between him and the posse he knew would follow, that he allowed the horse to rest.

Happily, he examined the bag of money. Once more he had pulled off a big job!

Within a week, Blackie Rand was hundreds of miles away. He spent the next couple of weeks enjoying his spoils and, when it was gone, he took up the serious problem of getting more. For Blackie liked to live riotously and he liked to gamble.

In the course of his spree, he had learned that there was a well-filled bank in the mining community of Placerville. So it was

there that Blackie went when he needed money again, reaching it on a Saturday afternoon.

Placerville was an up-and-coming community. Following his custom he walked around the town, then went into the bank. "Gimme gold for this paper," he said gruffly, shoving some of his stolen bills across to the teller.

The man looked at him. Blackie glowered. "What's the matter, something wrong with them?"

"No . . . No . . ." the teller said, "just a moment. I've got to get the gold out of the vault."

He was back in a few moments, shoving the gold toward Blackie, who smiled. "I may have to go into the vault here," Blackie said to himself, "so I'd better figure on a bit more time."

His plans made, Blackie was back an hour later. The same teller was there. He didn't flinch when he saw Blackie's persuasive Colt, but hurriedly filled a sack.

Suddenly, Blackie started. There was a gun in his back. And all around him grim-faced men were holding guns. The man with the gun in Blackie's back wore a star. His face was grim. "We've been waiting a long time to catch up with you, Mister," he said, "and now we got you." He grinned. "Seems like Jonesy, that bank teller, there, has a good eye for faces."

Blackie was bewildered. It was impossible that anyone had recognized him! "I've never been here before," he muttered, "you have the wrong man on those other jobs, Mister."

The sheriff smiled, took a sheet of paper from the teller. He put it in front of Blackie. The latter's head spun. His face! A picture showing him leaping onto his horse in front of the Cactustown bank, hundreds of miles away.

"Seems like an old feller named Rufus Eaton sent back East for one of those new-fangled things they call a camera," the sheriff said. "He was taking a picture of the bank when you come out, Mister!"



VIGILANTE



HOW WOULD THE VIGILANTE, SINGING COWBOY OF THE PURPLE PLAINS—WHO NOW MATCHES HIS COW COUNTRY CRAFT AGAINST CITY CROOKS—STACK UP AGAINST DYED-IN-THE-WOOL BADMEN OF THE OLD, HARD-BITTEN WEST? YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER HERE, WHEN TIME GOES HAYWIRE AND DROPS THE WESTERN WADDY BACK INTO THE PAST, WHERE HE EMERGES AS...

MARSHAL VIGILANTE

— 1872 —

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
	1	2	3	4	5	6
	8	9	10	11	12	13
					19	20

THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR'S DAILY
BROADCAST DRAWS TO A CLOSE...

THAT OLD CHUCK WAGON
WHEN THE SUN WAS LOW,
WITH THE SIZZLE
OF BACON
AND EGGS JUST SO ...

...AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON FOR HIS
BEST LISTENER...

BACON, EGGS...
OOOH... HE'S MAKIN'
ME HUNGRY!

RECKON WE
CAN FIND A
GOOD CHUCK
WAGON, GREG?
I'M STARVED.

LET'S TRY THAT
NEW WESTERN
PLACE, STUFF.
I'M KINDA HUNGRY
MYSELF!

THERE IT IS!
BOY, I CAN TASTE
THAT CHILE
ALREADY!

CHILE
CHILE CON CARNE
TORTILLAS

SOMBRERO
HOT DISHES

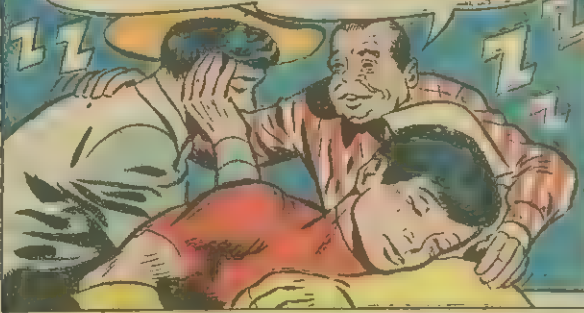
WELCOME
TO A BIT OF
THE OLD WEST,
PARDNERS!
WHAT'LL YUH
HAVE?

THIS IS
REAL EATS,
P. T.!

IT IS GOOD!
THERE'S SOMETHING
VERY SATISFYING
ABOUT IT—SOME-
THING SOOTHING!

SOMETHING SOOTHING IS RIGHT, AND AS SLEEP STEALS OVER THEM...

YOU CAN'T SLEEP HERE, WADDIES. COME INTO THE BACK ROOM IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT THE OLD WEST WAS REALLY LIKE!



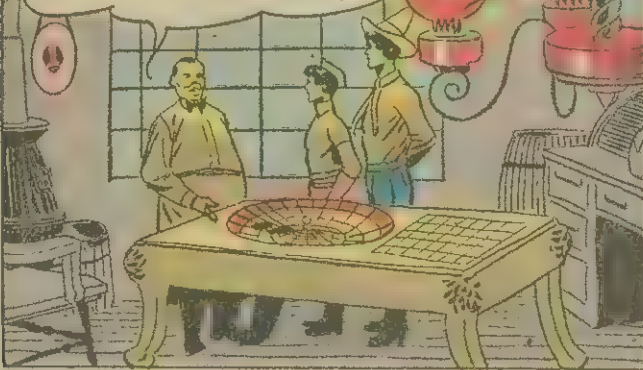
GOLLY, GUESS I ATE TOO MUCH!

THIS PLACE IS A HOBBY O' MINE - A HOLE IN TIME. I CALL IT.



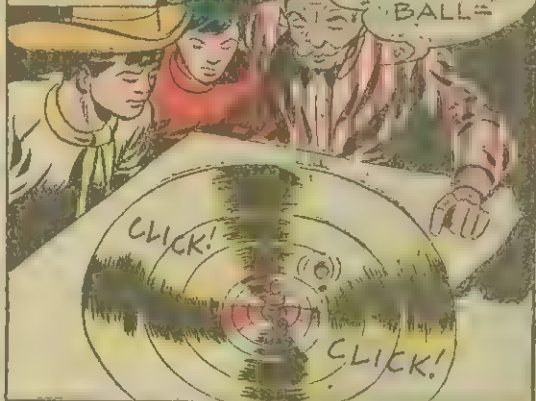
THIS AIN'T NO ORDINARY ROULETTE WHEEL! IT'S A TIME WHEEL AND IT CAN TAKE YOU BACK TO THE OLD WEST!

YOU MEAN INTO THE PAST?



'ROUND AND 'ROUND THE WHEEL SPINS, AND...

WATCH THE LITTLE BALL, PARTNERS - WATCH THE LITTLE BALL!



AND THEN...

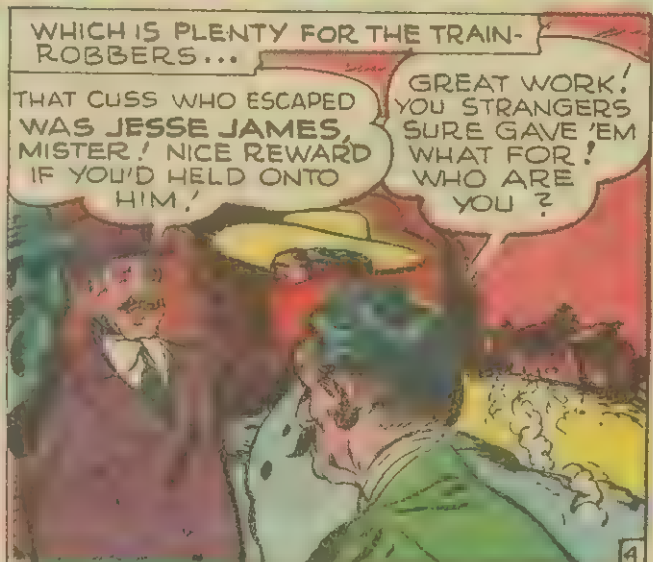
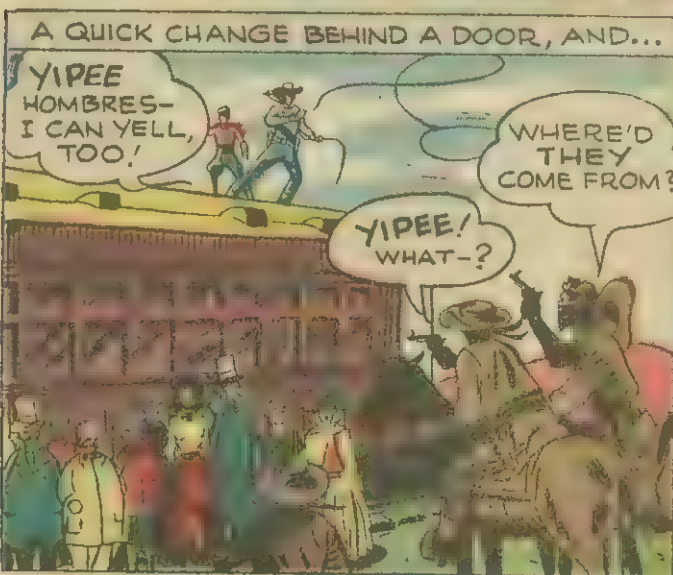
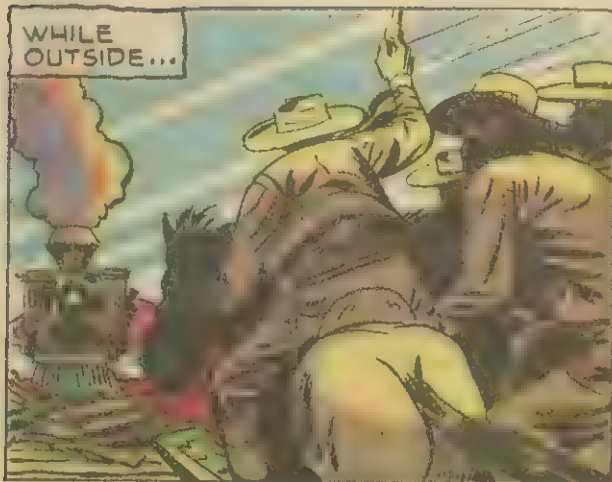
AH-HMM... GREG, WHERE ARE WE?

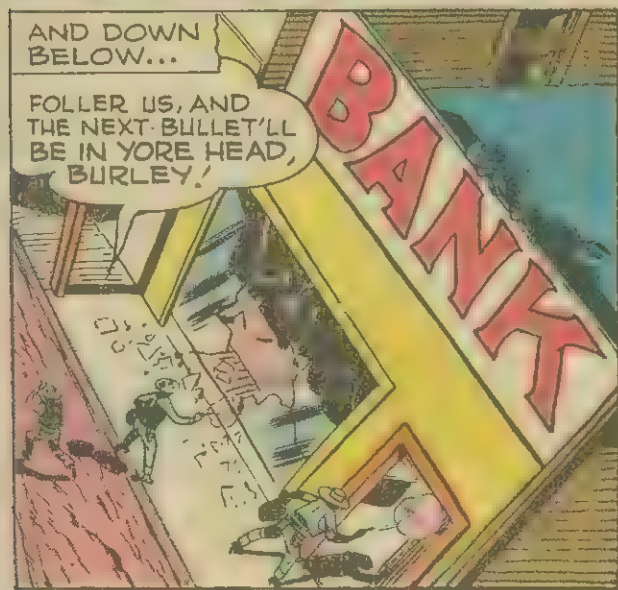
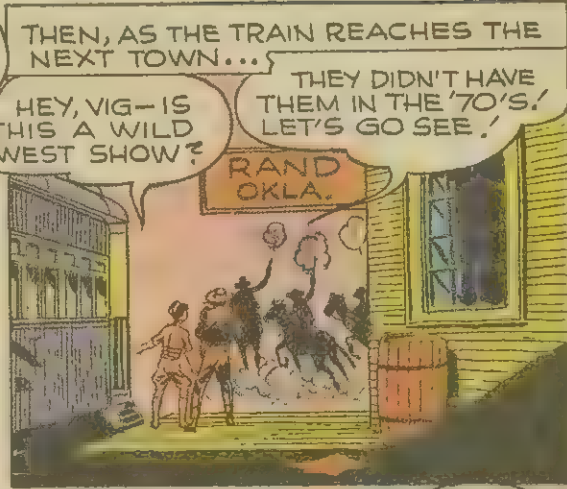
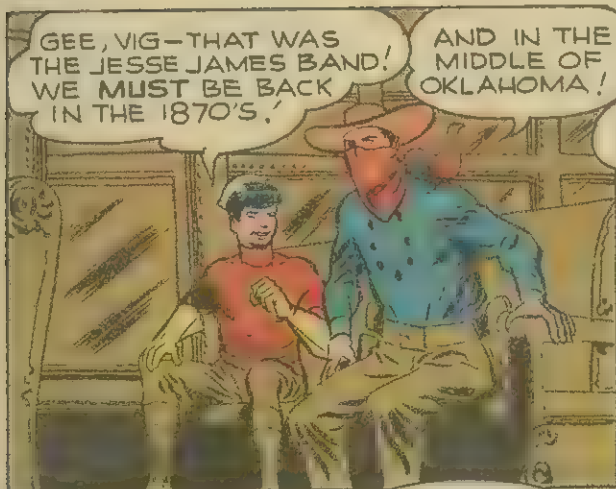
I GUESS THAT OLD-TIMER IN THE SOMBRERO HAD SOMETHING. WE'RE WAY OUT WEST - AND THE YEAR MUST BE IN THE 1870'S!

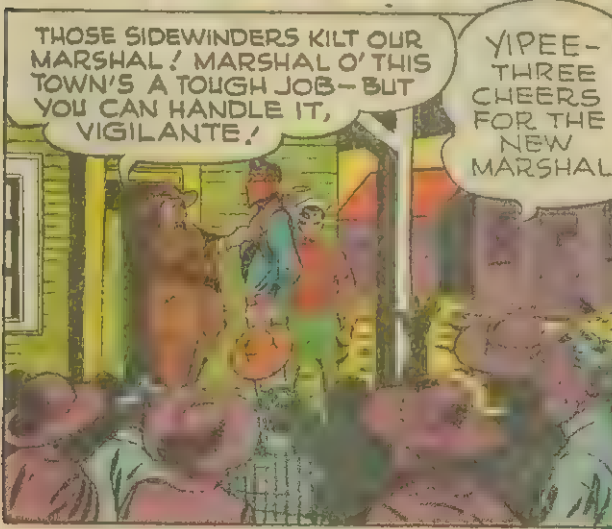
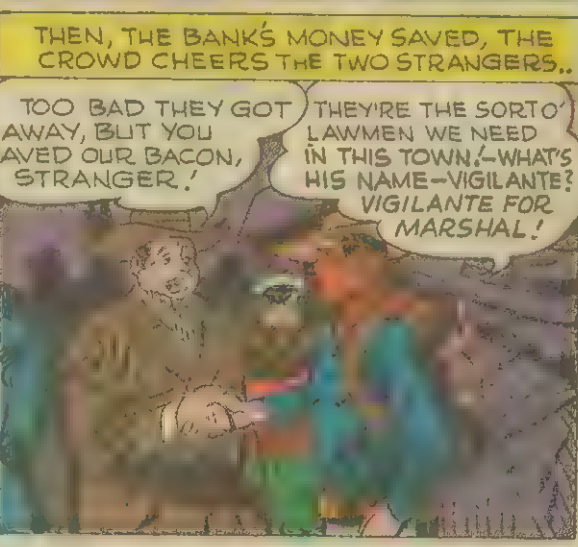


BUT-BUT-GREG, LOOK - THE TRAIN'S STOPPIN'!









WHAT'S THIS IN MY POCKET?
BILLS... CLUMSY COUNTERFEITS,
TOO.' HMMM... ONE OF THOSE
BANDITS MUST HAVE SHOVED
THESE INTO MY POCKET
INSTEAD OF HIS OWN.'



COUNTERFEIT MONEY
STOLEN FROM THE BANK!
LET'S SEE IF BURLEY
CAN EXPLAIN THAT.'



AS THEY REACH THE BANK...

THERE GOES
BURLEY NOW—
AND MIGHTY
ANXIOUS NOT
TO BE SEEN.'

AND WITH HIM
IS THE TRAIN'S
EXPRESS
AGENT.'



HANG ON, STUFF—
WE'LL KEEP THOSE
RATTLERS IN
SIGHT.'



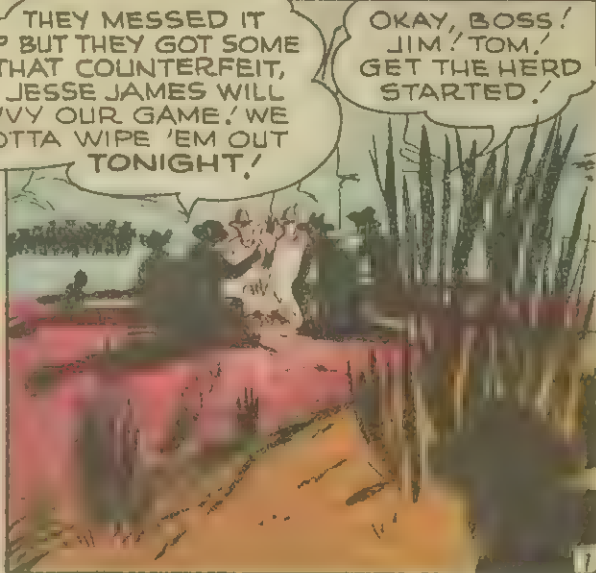
MILES FROM TOWN...

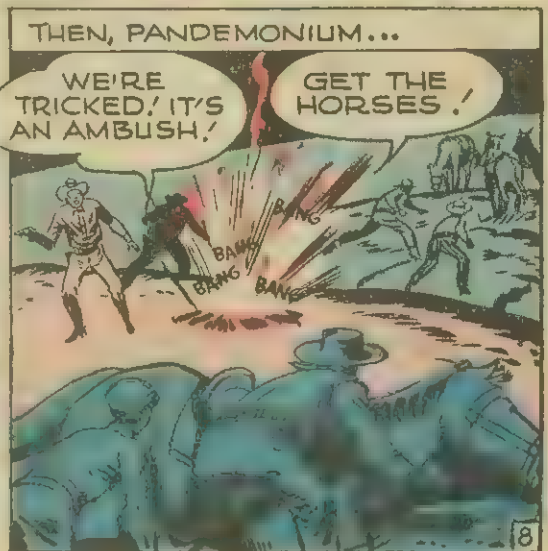
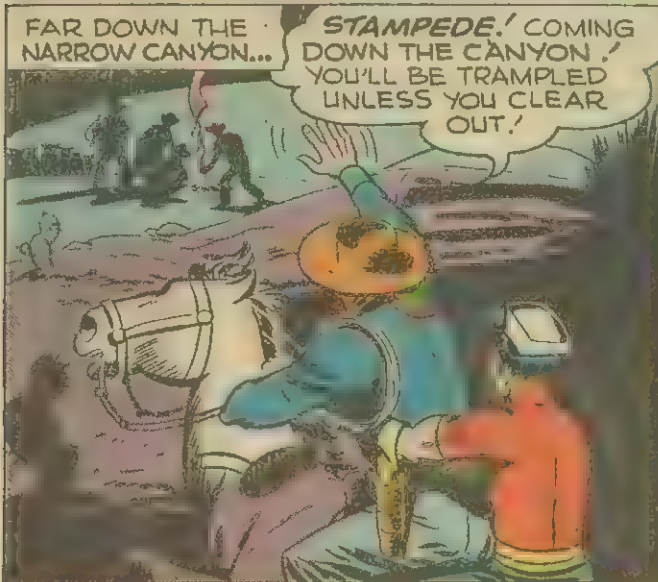
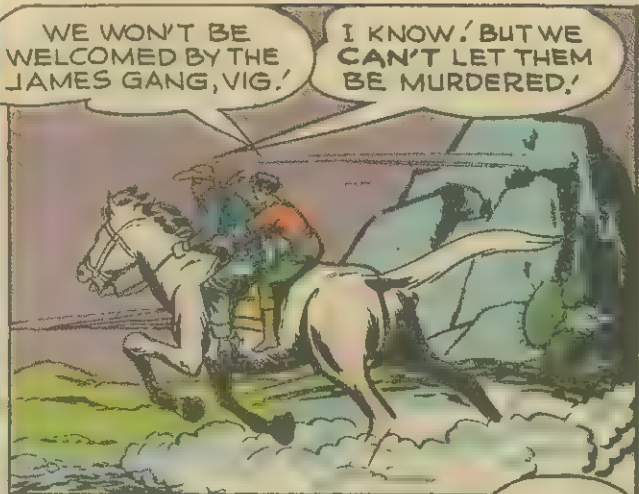
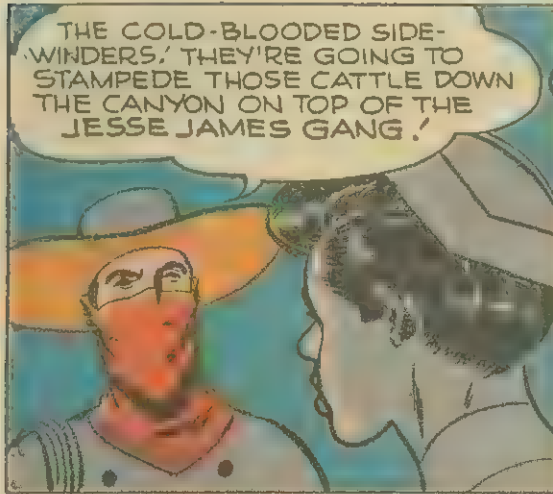
HERE'S WHERE
THEY'RE HEADED —
BUT WE'VE GOT TO
GET CLOSER.'



THEY MESS'D IT
UP BUT THEY GOT SOME
O' THAT COUNTERFEIT,
SO JESSE JAMES WILL
SAVVY OUR GAME.' WE
GOTTA WIPE 'EM OUT
TONIGHT.'

OKAY, BOSS!
JIM! TOM!
GET THE HERD
STARTED.'





MEANWHILE, ROARING DOWN THE CANYON IS AN AVENGING TORRENT...



IF THEY DIVIDE, TO GO AROUND US, WE'RE SAVED!



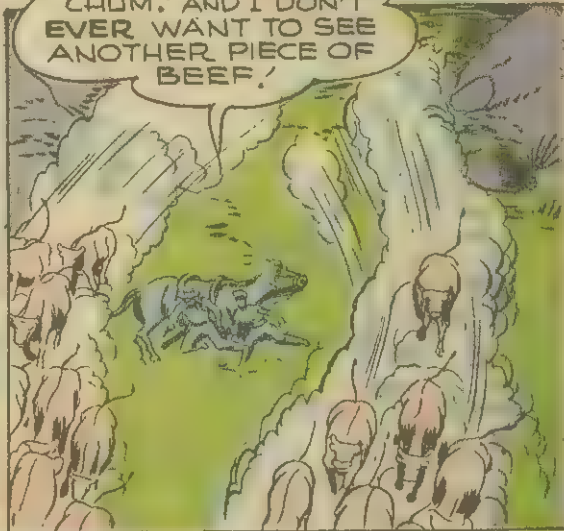
AND IN THE PATH OF THE THUNDERING HOOFES...

WE HAVE JUST ONE CHANCE, STUFF! I MUST SEPARATE THE HERD!



YOU'RE SHOOTING IN THE AIR!

THAT WAS CLOSE, CHUM. AND I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE ANOTHER PIECE OF BEEF!



BUT AFTER THE WAVE OF DEATH HAS PASSED COME THE GHOULS...

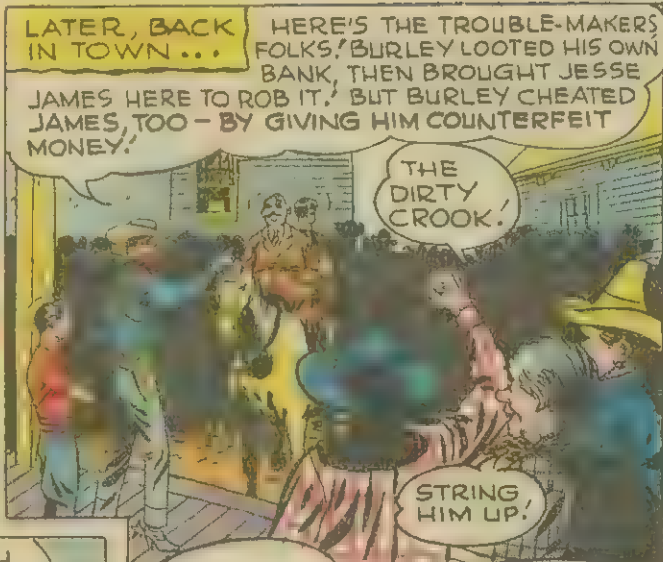
WE OUGHT TO FIND WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM RIGHT ALONG HERE. THIS WAS THEIR CAMP.



YIIIIII!



BUZZARDS OF A
FEATHER—A THIEVING
BANKER AND A CROOKED
EXPRESS AGENT.

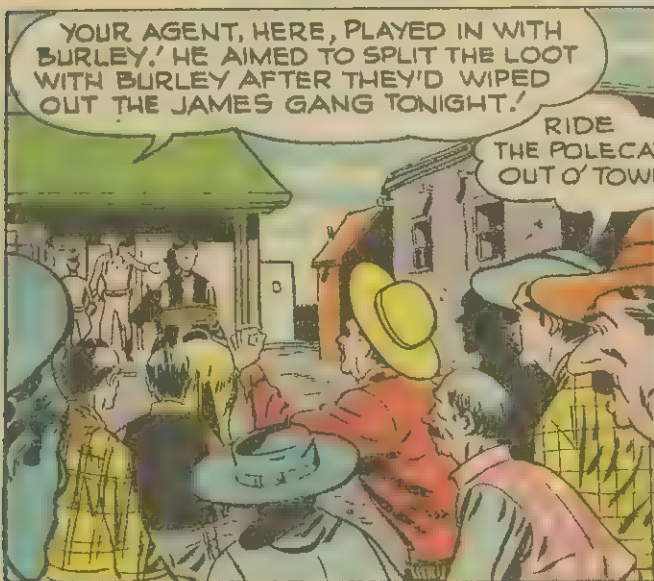


LATER, BACK
IN TOWN...

HERE'S THE TROUBLE-MAKERS
FOLKS. BURLEY LOOTED HIS OWN
BANK, THEN BROUGHT JESSE
JAMES HERE TO ROB IT. BUT BURLEY CHEATED
JAMES, TOO—BY GIVING HIM COUNTERFEIT
MONEY.

THE
DIRTY
CROOK!

STRING
HIM UP!



YOUR AGENT, HERE, PLAYED IN WITH
BURLEY. HE AIMED TO SPLIT THE LOOT
WITH BURLEY AFTER THEY'D WIPED
OUT THE JAMES GANG TONIGHT.

RIDE
THE POLECAT
OUT O' TOWN!

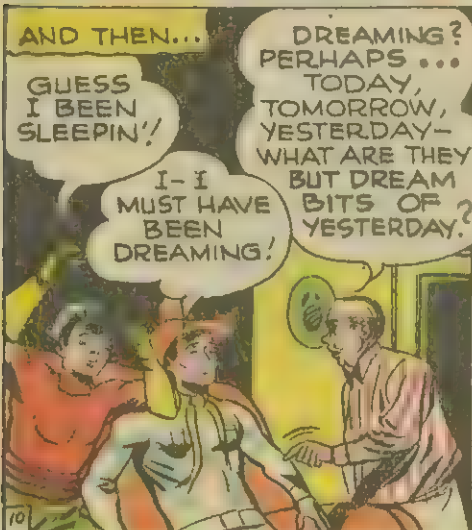


YIPEE!
VIGILANTE!

VIGILANTE!

I'M SO-O-O
SLEEPY...

I'M TIRED
TOO, PARDNER!
IT'S BEEN
A—LONG—
DAY—



AND THEN...

GUESS
I BEEN
SLEEPIN'!

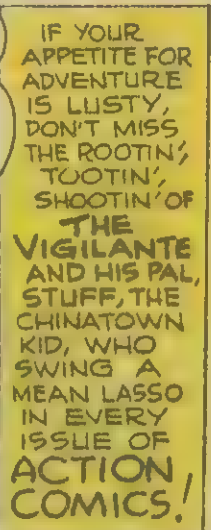
I—I
MUST HAVE
BEEN
DREAMING!

DREAMING?
PERHAPS ...
TODAY,
TOMORROW,
YESTERDAY—
WHAT ARE THEY
BUT DREAM
BITS OF
YESTERDAY.



WHAT'S THIS I
FOUND IN MY
POCKET? BIG,
OLD-TIME SIZE
BILLS—AND
COUNTERFEITS!
HOW—

HO-HO, GREG—
LOOK AT THE
OTHER SIDE!
THEY'RE THROW-
AWAYS—ADS
FOR THE
SOMBRERO!



IF YOUR
APPETITE FOR
ADVENTURE
IS LUSTY,
DON'T MISS
THE ROOTIN',
TOOTIN',
SHOOTIN' OF
**THE
VIGILANTE**
AND HIS PAL,
STUFF, THE
CHINATOWN
KID, WHO
SWING A
MEAN LASSO
IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
**ACTION
COMICS!**

THE
END



BE A MAGICIAN!
PUT ON YOUR OWN
MAGIC SHOW!

BOYS! GIRLS!

SEND NOW! GET THIS

MAGIC SHOW

10 WONDERFUL TRICKS

and ILLUSIONS

COMPLETE . . . including
necessary apparatus and
all instructions.

(Plus picture of Betty Crocker
cut from bottom of BETTY
CROCKER BREAKFAST TRAY!)

ALL TEN TRICKS EASY TO DO!

Great magicians say that the *best* tricks are usually the *easiest* ones to perform! These ten tricks and illusions have been assembled for you by a *nationally-known magician* (whose name we are not permitted to reveal). All ten tricks have been especially selected so that they are *easy to perform*. Remember—you get the *necessary apparatus* and *all instructions right with the set!*

HERE'S HOW TO GET YOUR MAGIC SHOW!

It's *easy!* Just go to your grocer and get the **BETTY CROCKER BREAKFAST TRAY!** That's the cereal assortment that gives you a total of **TEN** individual-size packages of your favorite cereals! Each package is just big enough for one serving, and there are *four* of **WHEATIES**... *four* of **CHEERIOS**... and *two* of **KIX!** On the bottom of the **BETTY CROCKER BREAKFAST TRAY**, you will notice a *small picture* of **BETTY CROCKER**. *Cut this picture out* and send it together with the coupon, and *only 15 cents!* Your *complete set* of 10 Magic Tricks and Illusions will be mailed to you *immediately!* And you'll be all ready to put on your own **MAGIC SHOW!**

General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

YOU'LL BE THE
"Life of the Party"
Just watch how you become the
center of attraction wherever you
go—when you get this wonder-
ful Magic Show Set!

**MOST UNUSUAL MAGIC SET
VALUE IN YEARS!**
If you have checked on regular
store prices for magic tricks, you
realize what a tremendous value
this really is! Many single tricks
cost more than this complete set!

HURRY!

DELIVERY
NOW
AND

- 1 THE INCREDIBLE MIND READING TRICK!** (When you know how to do it, you apparently read anyone's mind . . . It's terrific!)
- 2 THE MULTIPLYING BLOCKS!** (As if by magic, one block suddenly becomes three blocks!)
- 3 THE JUMPING BLOCK!** (Secret Block actually appears to jump from one of your hands to the other!)
- 4 THE TOPSY TURVY COVERS!** (You do this trick right out in the open . . . right before their eyes, with nothing concealed. Then defy anyone to duplicate it!)
- 5 THE RADAR VISION TRICK!** (Imagine! You apparently see right through metal! Secret apparatus makes it easy!)
- 6 TELEVISION COLOR DISCS!** (You actually tell the color of these magic discs without seeing them! How? You'll know when you get the set!)
- 7 THE MYSTERIOUS ORIENTAL METAL TRICK!** (You are able to accomplish what seems to be impossible—by floating metal on water!)
- 8 THE VANISHING DISC!** (People can't believe it's true—that you really make the disc disappear with a wave of your hand!)
- 9 MYSTIC HINDU BOOMERANGS!** (Amazing optical illusion! You are apparently able to stretch solid plastic!)
- 10 THE VANISHING BOX!** (You cover this magic box with your handkerchief and—presto—it's gone! Where? That's your secret!)

SEND TO—GENERAL MILLS, INC.
Dept. 245,
Minneapolis, Minn.



SORRY but supplies not yet available in
the states of Oregon, Washington,
Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, Califor-
nia, Colorado, Montana or Wyoming.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

General Mills, Inc.
Dept. 245, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send my complete Magic Show at once!
I am enclosing a picture of Betty Crocker cut from
the bottom of the Betty Crocker Breakfast Tray—
and 15 cents. (Offer closes Feb. 15, 1947)

My name is

My address is

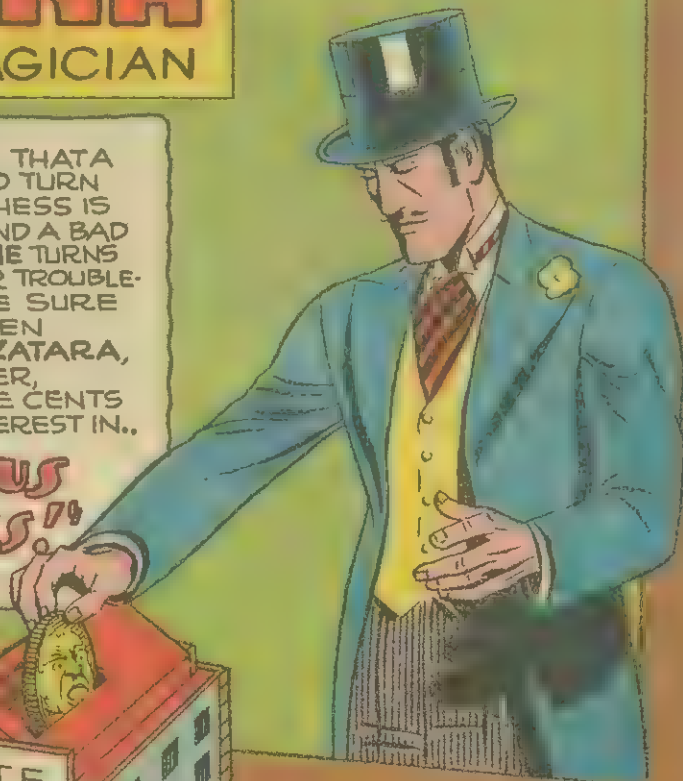
City State

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

EVER HEAR THE SAYING THAT A BAD PENNY IS SURE TO TURN UP? WELL, HEISTER HESS IS BOTH A BAD PENNY AND A BAD EGG... AND WHERE HE TURNS UP, PLENTY OF OTHER TROUBLE-MAKING PENNIES ARE SURE TO FOLLOW! BUT WHEN DANGER EXPLODES, ZATARA, MASTER MAGIC-MAKER, QUICKLY PICKS UP THE CENTS... TAKING SPECIAL INTEREST IN..

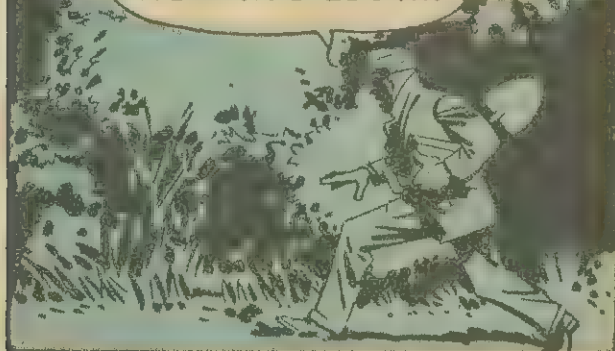
"The PERILOUS PENNY BANKS!"



W.F.
White

YEARS AGO, A CLEVER THIEF COMMITTED A DARING ROBBERY...

A PERFECT JOB... BUT A STOOL-PIGEON PUTS THE COPS ON MY TRAIL! SO NOW I'LL HAVE TO HIDE THIS LOOT...



I'LL BURY IT DEEP... MAKE SURE NOBODY FINDS IT BY ACCIDENT! THEN I'LL LAY LOW FOR A WHILE!



BUT THE PLANS OF MEN AND RATS,
OFTEN GO WRONG! SOON...

HEISTER HESS, I HEREBY
SENTENCE YOU TO STATE
PRISON FOR A TERM
OF TWO TO TEN
YEARS!

TIME PASSES SLOWLY-BEHIND BARS! BUT,
ONE DAY...

OUT AT LAST, CURSE YOU!
NOW I'LL HEAD FOR THAT VACANT
LOT, AND GET THE LOOT...

VACANT LOT? LOOK AT IT NOW, HEISTER
HESS... WHILE FATE LAUGHS AT YOU!

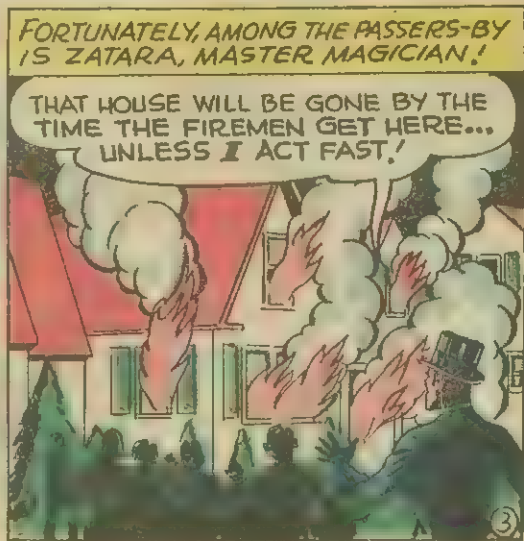
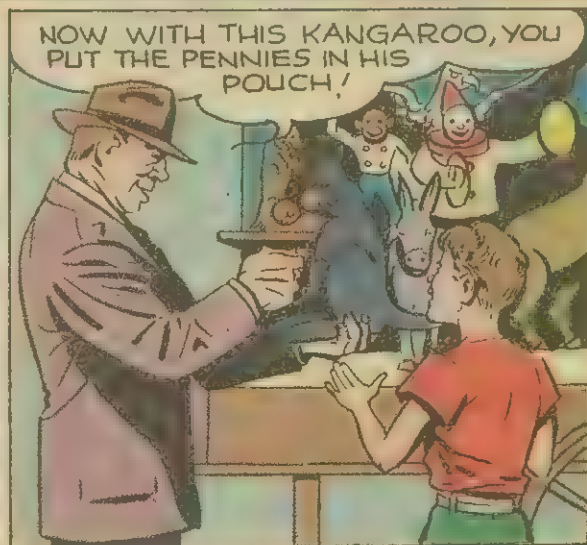
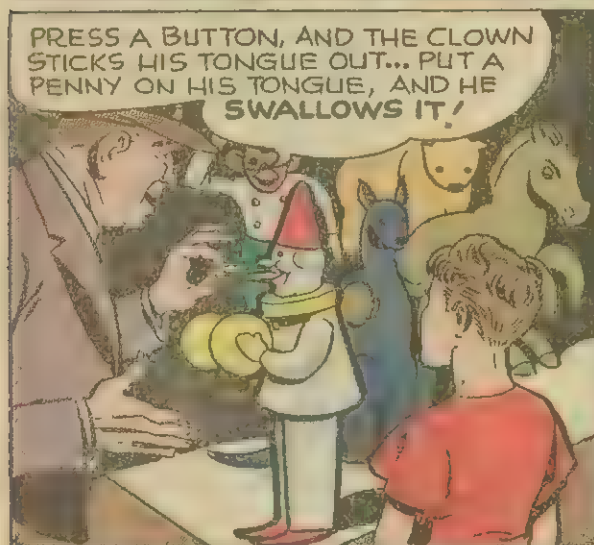
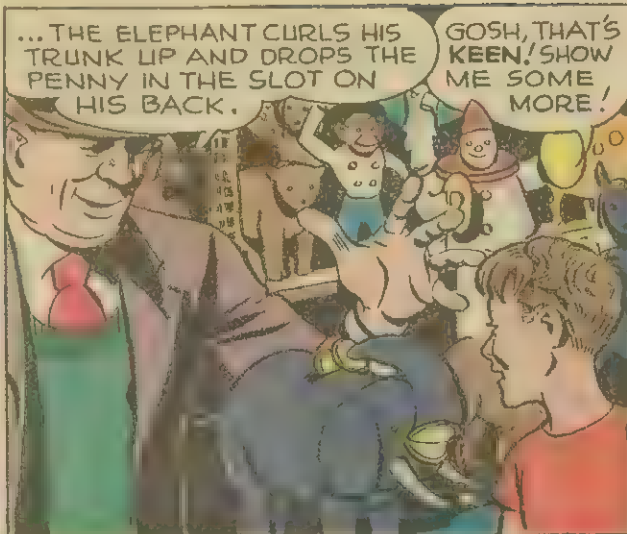
SOMEBODY BUILT HOUSES HERE!
NOW I CAN'T GET TO MY LOOT!
OOOH!

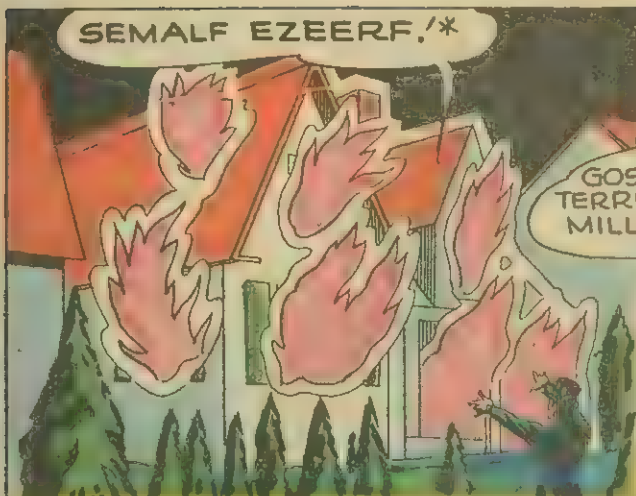
BUT I WON'T GIVE
IT UP! THERE MUST
BE A WAY...

YES, THERE IS A WAY! PRESENTLY, WE FIND SALESMAN HAROLD HESS... SELLING
PENNY BANKS!

HELLO, SON! WANT
A PENNY BANK?

I WANT ONE THAT
HOLDS A LOT
OF PENNIES!





SEMALF EZEERF,/*

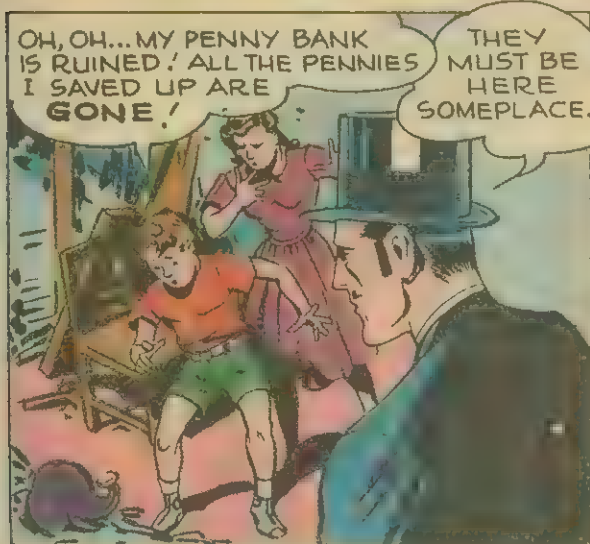
GOSH, THAT WAS TERRIFIC. THANKS A MILLION, ZATARA!



YOU'VE SAVED OUR HOME! OH, THANK YOU...

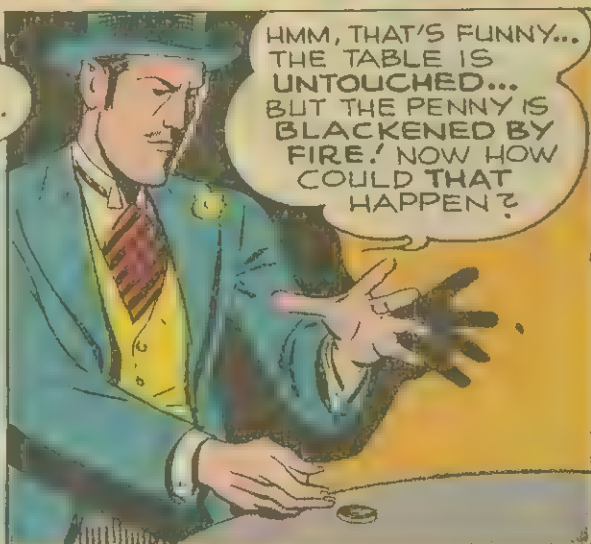
LET'S SEE WHAT CAUSED THE FIRE!

*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.

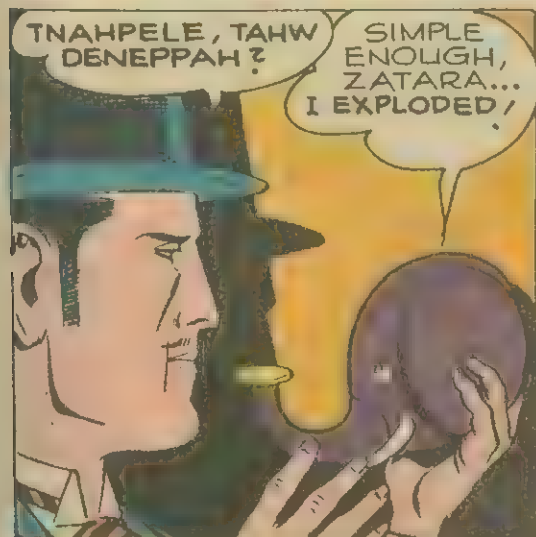


OH, OH... MY PENNY BANK IS RUINED! ALL THE PENNIES I SAVED UP ARE GONE!

THEY MUST BE HERE SOMEPLACE...

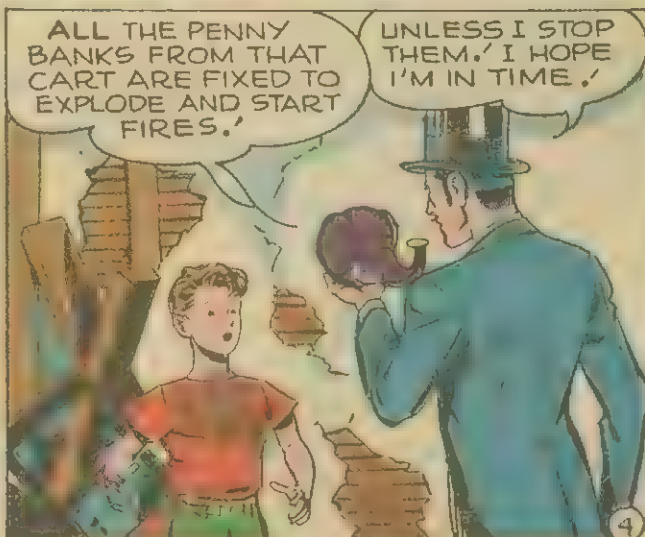


HMM, THAT'S FUNNY... THE TABLE IS UNTOUCHED... BUT THE PENNY IS BLACKENED BY FIRE. NOW HOW COULD THAT HAPPEN?



TNAHPELE, TAHW DENEPPAH?

SIMPLE ENOUGH, ZATARA... I EXPLODED!



ALL THE PENNY BANKS FROM THAT CART ARE FIXED TO EXPLODE AND START FIRES.

UNLESS I STOP THEM, I HOPE I'M IN TIME!

SOME SUPER-MAGIC FROM ZATARA... AND THE CITY IS TREATED TO AN AMAZING SIGHT!

TAKE ME TO THE PLACE THAT SOLD THOSE PENNY BANKS.

OKAY, ZATARA!

WELL, PACK MY TRUNK WITH PEANUTS AND CALL ME JUMBO!



MEANWHILE, THE WILY SCHEME OF HEISTER HESS HAS PARTLY SUCCEEDED! SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE...

I LIVE IN THAT NEW HOUSE... ER, THIS LETTER OFFERS ME A RARE AND UNUSUAL PENNY BANK... FREE!

YES, SIR! YOU'RE SUCH A PROMINENT PERSON... IT'LL STIMULATE SALES WHEN PEOPLE LEARN THAT YOU OWN ONE OF MY BANKS!

I'LL TAKE THAT ONE!

I'LL WRAP IT UP FOR YOU!

AND SOON IT WILL EXPLODE AND BURN YOUR HOUSE DOWN AND I'LL GET TO MY LOOT!



AND SLOWLY THE GIRAFFE FILLS WITH PENNIES...



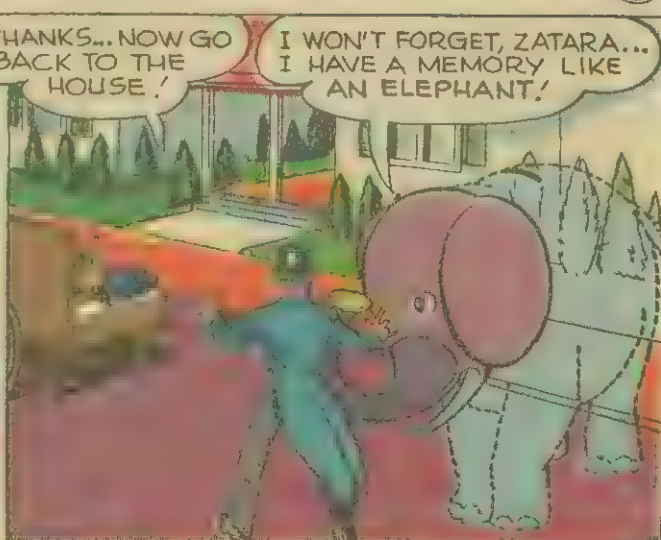
THEN THE PENNY THAT BREAKS THE GIRAFFE'S BACK!



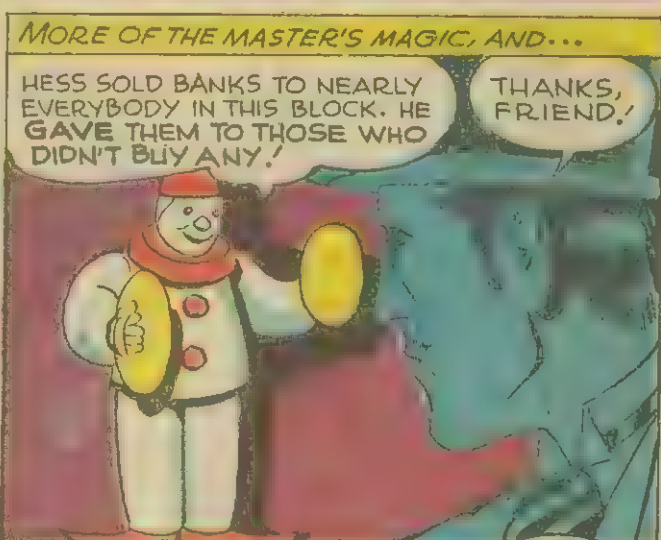


THANKS... NOW GO
BACK TO THE
HOUSE !

I WON'T FORGET, ZATARA...
I HAVE A MEMORY LIKE
AN ELEPHANT !



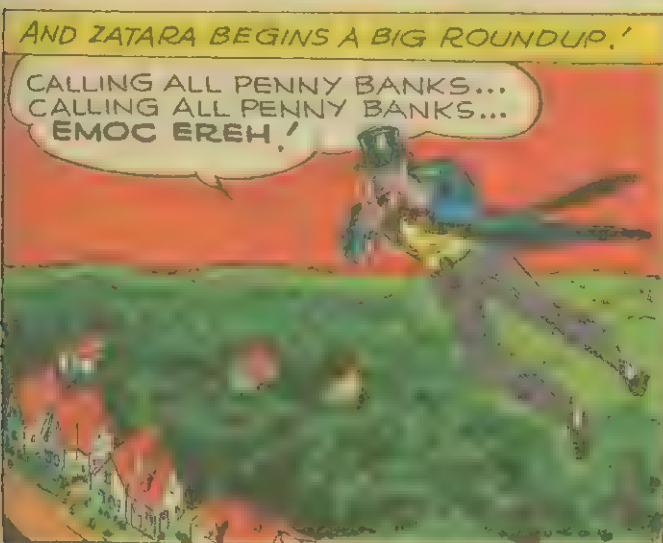
HMM, THE OWNER ISN'T HERE...
WONDER IF I CAN FIND OUT
WHERE HE SOLD THOSE
BANKS ?



MORE OF THE MASTER'S MAGIC, AND...

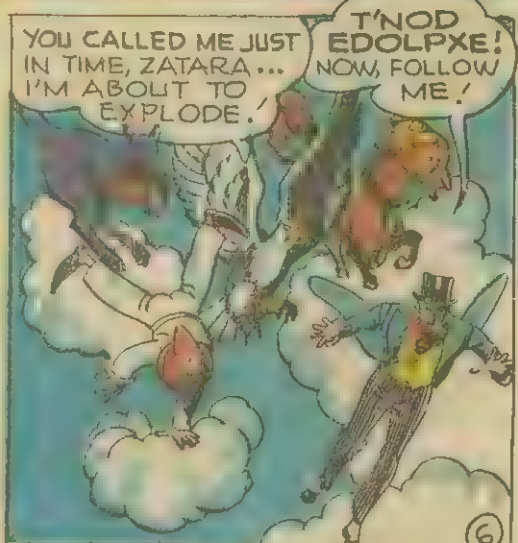
HESS SOLD BANKS TO NEARLY
EVERYBODY IN THIS BLOCK. HE
GAVE THEM TO THOSE WHO
DIDN'T BUY ANY !

THANKS,
FRIEND !



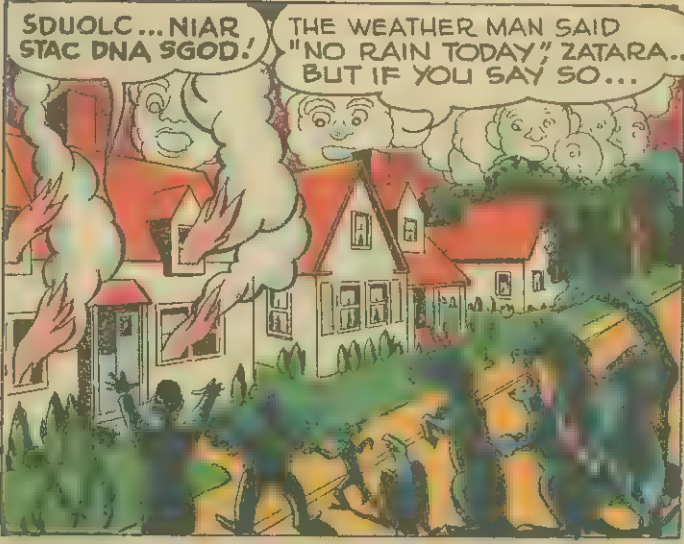
AND ZATARA BEGINS A BIG ROUNDUP !

CALLING ALL PENNY BANKS...
CALLING ALL PENNY BANKS...
EMOC EREH !



YOU CALLED ME JUST
IN TIME, ZATARA ...
I'M ABOUT TO
EXPLODE !

T'NOD
EDOLPXE !
NOW, FOLLOW
ME !



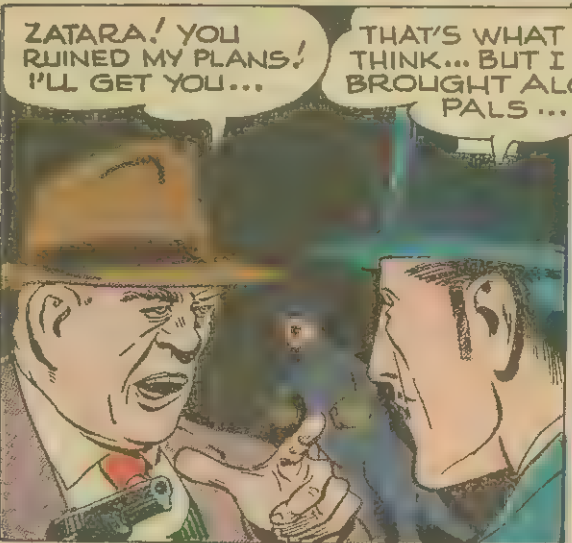
SDUOLC ...NIAR
STAC DNA SGOD!

THE WEATHER MAN SAID
"NO RAIN TODAY," ZATARA...
BUT IF YOU SAY SO...



MEOW!

Bow
wow!



ZATARA! YOU
RUINED MY PLANS!
I'LL GET YOU...

THAT'S WHAT YOU
THINK... BUT I
BROUGHT ALONG
PALS...



Y!!!

THANKS,
LEAPING LENA!



AND NOW, MY
BALD FRIEND,
TAKE HIM
TO JAIL!

RIGHT,
ZATARA!

NOW, ONE LAST SAMPLE OF THE
MASTER'S MAGIC!

WE'RE THE LOOT,
ZATARA! HESS TRIED
TO BURN DOWN THESE
HOUSES TO GET US!

WE EMPTY
BANKS CAN
USE YOU!

NO! THAT
MONEY GOES
BACK TO ITS
OWNERS... AND
YOU BANKS GO
BACK TO YOURS
... BUT NO
MORE
EXPLODING!

EEEH...
LEMMIE
GO!

MAGIC
+
MYSTERY =
ZATARA
TO BE FOUND
IN EACH ISSUE
OF
ACTION COMICS
and
WORLD'S FINEST
COMICS

BOYS and
GIRLS!

HAVE YOUR OWN



CANDY FACTORY

MAKE YOUR OWN...
AND MAKE MONEY WITH

CIRCUS **FRUIT-FLAVORED
PURE "ALL-DAY"
SUCKERS**

Yes Sir! You can make your own pure, delicious all-day suckers at home in three wonderful fruit flavors — orange, lime and raspberry. With this amazing Circus Kit you can treat yourself and your friends for weeks and months to come... Just imagine it!

START YOUR OWN CANDY BUSINESS

Besides having all the suckers you want, you can make money too! Lots of youngsters in your neighborhood will gladly pay you a penny apiece for these suckers... and become regular customers. You can sell plenty... and show a real profit for yourself. Think of it! You can have a real candy factory and earn real money. AND, you get your own suckers free!

ORANGE

Pure and tangy!
You'll love it!

LIME

Everybody's favorite!
Taste-teasing!

Note to Mothers!

Every ingredient in Circus Suckers is guaranteed to be absolutely wholesome. These delicious suckers provide quick energy so necessary to growing young bodies. And they taste so good that you'll find you like them too!

RASPBERRY

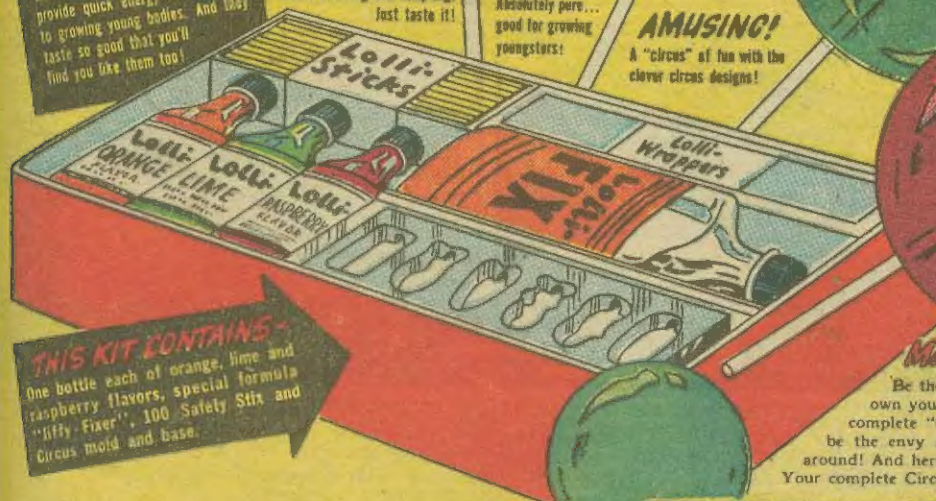
Mouth-watering and tempting!
Just taste it!

PURE!

Absolutely pure...
good for growing youngsters!

AMUSING!

A "circus" of fun with the clever circus designs!



THIS KIT CONTAINS—

One bottle each of orange, lime and raspberry flavors, special formula "Kitty-Fixer", 100 Safety Stix and Circus mold and base.

CIRCUS SUCKERS ARE EASY TO MAKE

Better send for your Circus Kit right now! After you see it, you'll say it's the best buy you ever made... after you taste the suckers, you'll know it for sure!

START YOUR CANDY FACTORY NOW

You don't have to know a thing about cooking to make hundreds of perfect suckers! It's so exciting that Mother will want to get in on the fun too!

Mail Coupon Today!

Be the first in your neighborhood to own your own candy factory! With the complete "Circus Candy Factory", you'll be the envy of every youngster for blocks around! And here's the best news yet! Your complete Circus Sucker Kit is only **\$1.98**

Circus Candy Factory,
Box 50, Ozone Park 16, N. Y.

I am enclosing \$1.98 (check, money order or cash) as full payment for my Circus Candy Factory. Nothing more to pay. Rush. I will try this Circus Candy Factory at your expense. If I am not completely satisfied, I will return it within 10 days and you will immediately refund my full purchase price.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

HOW THOM MCAN

WITH HIS MAGIC



STOPPED THE FOREST FIRE

"BAZOOKA-SHOES"



THE FOREST FIRE IS OUT OF CONTROL! IT'S HEADED THIS WAY!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



THOM, YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE THE TOWN!

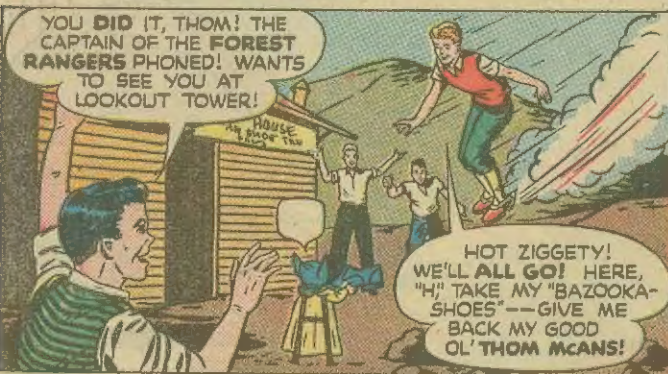
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY! QUICK, "H" MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!



ROARING OVER TREE-TOPS, THOM ZOOMS BETWEEN THE ONRUSHING FLAMES AND THE TOWN! THE DEADLY EXHAUST FROM HIS "BAZOOKA-SHOES" BLASTS A BROAD FIRE-STOPPING GAP THROUGH THE FOREST!

BA-ZOO-OOKA!

NOW JUST LET THAT BLAZE TRY TO JUMP A 100-YARD STRIP OF BARE LAND!



YOU DID IT, THOM! THE CAPTAIN OF THE FOREST RANGERS PHONED! WANTS TO SEE YOU AT LOOKOUT TOWER!

HOT ZIGGETY! WE'LL ALL GO! HERE, "H" TAKE MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"—GIVE ME BACK MY GOOD OL' THOM MCANS!



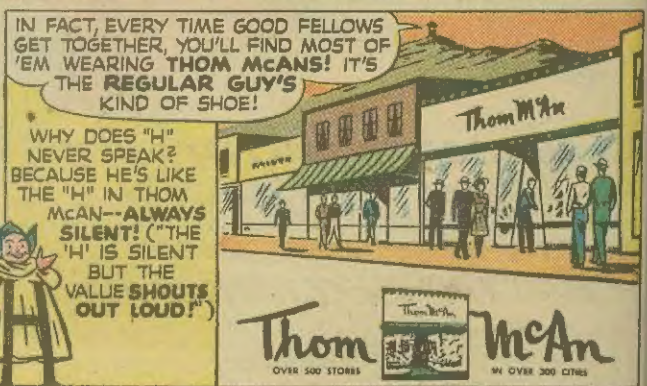
YEAH! BET YOU'RE GLAD YOU'RE "SHOE-TRUE TO THOM MCAN"! IT'S A SURE WAY TO BE SURE-FOOTED!

WHEW! SOME CLIMB!



WANTED TO OFFER YOU MY PERSONAL CONGRATULATIONS, THOM! SAY!—HOW DID YOU AND YOUR GANG CLIMB UP HERE SO FAST?

CAN'T YOU GUESS, CAPTAIN? WE'RE ALL WEARING THOM MCANS!



IN FACT, EVERY TIME GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER, YOU'LL FIND MOST OF 'EM WEARING THOM MCANS! IT'S THE REGULAR GUY'S KIND OF SHOE!

WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN THOM MCAN—ALWAYS SILENT! ("THE 'H' IS SILENT BUT THE VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!")



Thom McAn
OVER 500 STORES

RED RYDER'S SAFETY MESSAGE TO

DAISY

AIR RIFLE OWNERS

By **FRED HARMAN** --- FAMOUS COWBOY CARTOONIST... **CREATOR OF RED RYDER**



COME ON UP, LITTLE BEAVER, AND WE'LL SHOOT MY DAISY FROM THE TREE HOUSE!

NO! RED RYDER TEACH-UM ME TO HANDLE GUN WITH CARE! WATCH-UM OUT... YOU HOLD ON DEAD BRANCH... IT BREAK-UM!

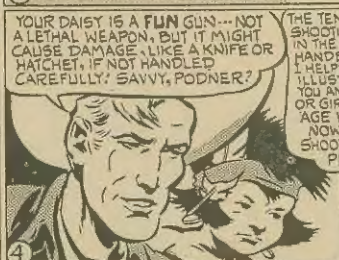


OWOO!



GEE, RED RYDER! I BROKE MY DAISY CARBINE!

AND ALMOST BROKE YOUR NECK, WILLIE! BY YOUR CARELESSNESS YOU ABUSED THE PRIVILEGE OF OWNING A GUN!



YOUR DAISY IS A FUN GUN... NOT A LETHAL WEAPON, BUT IT MIGHT CAUSE DAMAGE, LIKE A KNIFE OR HATCHET, IF NOT HANDLED CAREFULLY! SAVVY, PODNER?

THE TEN RULES OF SAFE SHOOTING ARE PRINTED IN THE NEW DAISY HANDBOOK WHICH I HELPED WRITE AND ILLUSTRATE! I HOPE YOU AND EVERY BOY OR GIRL OF AIR RIFLE AGE WILL READ IT! NOW SIGN THIS SHOOTERS SAFETY PLEDGE!



I'LL SIGN IT! ME SIGN TOO, NOW, RED! YOU BETCHUM!



NOW, ME AND WILLIE PLEDGED TO PROTECT PETS, PROPERTY AND PEOPLE!

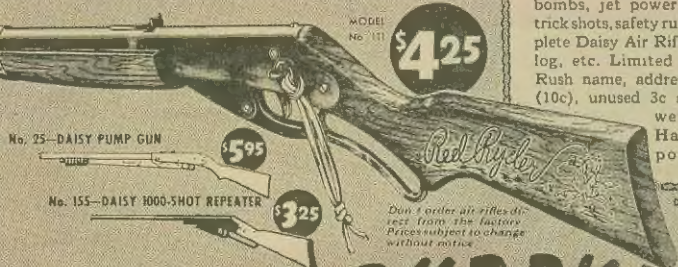
THAT'S RIGHT... AND YOU'LL DO IT BY AIMING AND SHOOTING YOUR DAISY SAFELY!

Ask your folks to read this ad. Tell them you'll follow the ten Safety Shooting Rules printed in the Daisy Handbook as *carefully* as they always drive their car. Explain that Daisys have been recognized as

the finest quality air rifles in the world for more than sixty years—that you want a genuine Daisy for real fun—that they're being made and delivered to Daisy dealers fast as the supply of labor and materials permit.

1000 SHOT
RED RYDER
COWBOY CARBINE

Famous Western saddle carbine features Lightning Loader, Carbine Ring, Leather Thong, Carbine Bands, Double-Notch Sight, Pistol-Grip Stock.



MODEL No. 111 \$4.25

No. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN \$5.95

No. 155—DAISY 1000-SHOT REPEATER \$3.25

Don't order air rifles direct from the factory. Prices subject to change without notice.

DAISY HANDBOOK READY!

TELLS HOW TO SHOOT SAFE



128-page Handbook features Red Ryder, Buck Rogers comic strips, atomic bombs, jet power, jokes, trick shots, safety rules, complete Daisy Air Rifle Catalog, etc. Limited supply. Rush name, address, dime (10c), unused 3c stamp we'll mail Handbook postpaid.

Duty Added in Canada

SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 501 UNION STREET, DEPT. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

Published in the Interest of Parents, Present and Future Air Rifle Owners, and the General Public

How to Outbluff a VICIOUS DOG



at night!

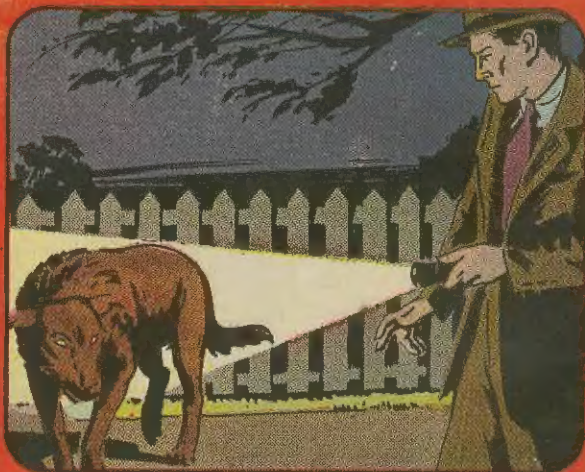
... as recommended by
Lt. Comdr. Willy Necker,
Wheeling, Ill.—noted dog
trainer and judge at dog
shows...and wartime head
of U. S. Coast Guard War
Dog Training.



1 The fact that 999 dogs out of a thousand are friendly, safe and lovable doesn't alter the fact that occasionally—through mistreatment, neglect or disease—a dog may turn vicious. Such animals are dangerous. Especially at night! If cornered—



2 Outdoors, at night, turn on your "Eveready" flashlight! Shine it directly at the dog's eyes, to blind and perhaps bewilder him. He may leap at the light, however; so don't hold it in front of you. Hold it at arm's length to the side. Most important...



3 Keep still. Don't move. Don't run—it's instinctive with most animals to attack anything that runs away or moves aggressively. If the dog refrains from attacking for a few seconds, you have probably won—he is apt to growl at the light, then slink off, outbluffed.

4 For bright light, white light, effective light—insist on "Eveready" batteries. For they have no equals—that's why they're the world's largest-selling flashlight batteries. Yet their extra light, extra life, cost you nothing extra!

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide **UCC** and Carbon Corporation

The registered
trade-mark
"Eveready" distin-
guishes products of
National Carbon
Company, Inc.

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK



For
**EXTRA
POWER,
EXTRA LIFE
—AT NO
EXTRA COST**